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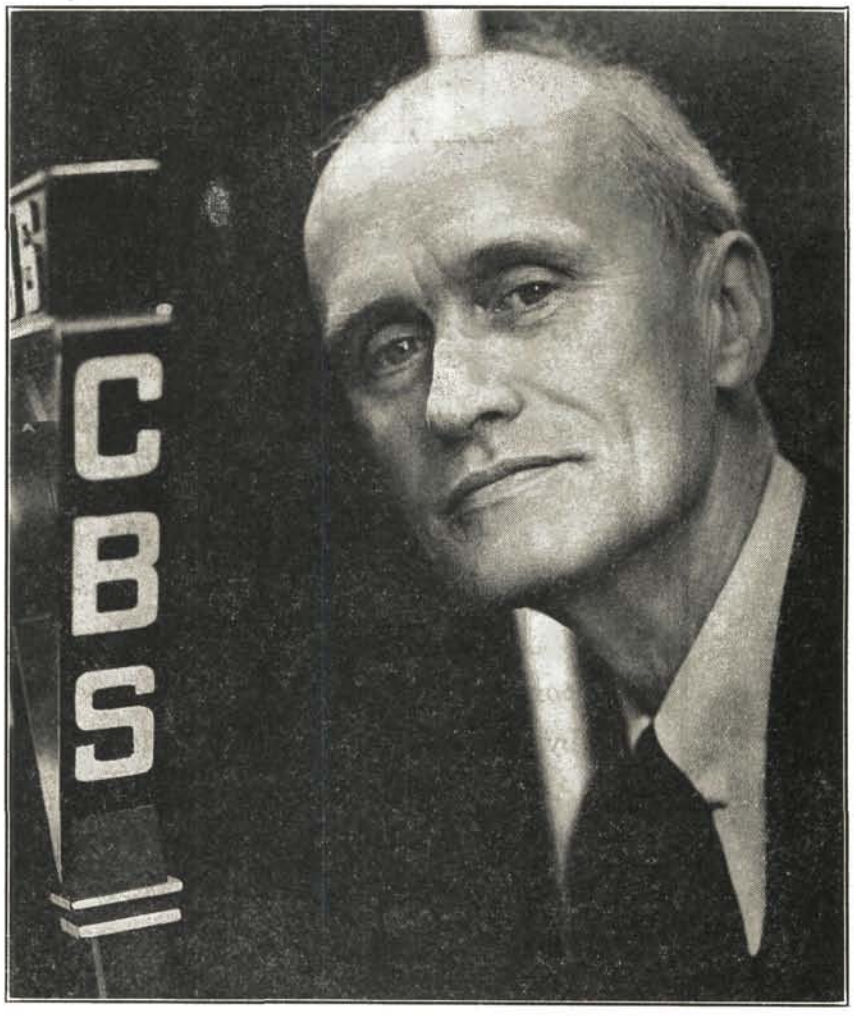


T. S. STRIBLING

"'The Sound Wagon' . . . is not like anything on the earth nor in the water under the earth. I have seldom read so baffling a book, and, after some reflection, I conclude (in the manner of reviewers) that the fault does not lie in me" . . . *(See page 5)*

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# The Story of a Novel: III

BY THOMAS WOLFE

*". . . I realized finally that what I had to deal with was material which covered almost 150 years in history, demanded the action of more than 2,000 characters, and would in its final design include almost every racial type and social class of American life . . ."*

EDITING A MILLION WORDS
*The author in his Brooklyn apartment, Spring* 1935.
*Photographed for* The Saturday Review *by Robert Disraeli.*

WHEN I returned to America in the spring of 1931, although I had three or four hundred thousand words of material, I had nothing that could be published as a novel. Almost a year and a half had elapsed since the publication of my first book and already people had begun to ask that question which is so well meant, but which as year followed year was to become more intolerable to my ears than the most deliberate mockery: "Have you finished your next book yet?" "When is it going to be published?"

At this time I was sure that a few months of steady work would bring the book to completion. I found a place, a little basement flat in the Assyrian quarter in South Brooklyn, and there I went about my task.

The spring passed into the summer; the summer, into autumn. I was working hard, day after day, and still nothing that had the unity and design of a single work appeared. October came and with it a second full year since the publication of my first book. And now, for the first time, I was irrevocably committed so far as the publication of my book was concerned. I began to feel the sensation of pressure, and of naked desperation which was to become almost maddeningly intolerable in the next three years. For the first time I began to realize that my project was much larger than I thought it was. I had still believed at the time of my return from Europe that I was writing a single book, which would be comprised within the limits of about 200,000 words. Now as scene followed scene, as character after character came into being, as my understanding of my material became more comprehensive, I discovered that it would be impossible to write the book I had planned within the limits I had thought would be sufficient.

All of this time I was being baffled by a certain time element in the book, by a time relation which could not be escaped, and for which I was now desperately seeking some structural channel. There were three time elements inherent in the material. The first and most obvious was an element of actual present time, an element which carried the narrative forward, which represented characters and events as living in the present and moving forward into an immediate future. The second time element was of past time, one which represented these same characters as acting and as being acted upon by all the accumulated impact of man's experience so that each moment of their life was conditioned not only by what they experienced in that moment, but by all that they had experienced up to that moment. In addition to these two time elements, there was a third which I conceived as being time immutable, the time of rivers, mountains, oceans, and the earth; a kind of eternal and unchanging universe of time against which would be projected the transience of man's life, the bitter briefness of his day. It was the tremendous problem of these three time elements that almost defeated me and that cost me countless hours of anguish in the years that were to follow.

As I began to realize the true nature of the task I had set for myself, the image of the river began to haunt my mind. I actually felt that I had a great river thrusting for release inside of me and that I had to find a channel into which its flood-like power could pour. I knew I had to find it or I would be destroyed in the flood of my own creation, and I am sure that every artist who ever lived has had the same experience.

Meanwhile, I was being baffled by a fixed and impossible idea whose error at the time I did not fully apprehend. I was convinced at that time that this whole gigantic plan had to be realized within the limits of a single book which would be called "The October Fair." It was not until more than a year had passed, when I realized finally that what I had to deal with was material which covered almost 150 years in history, demanded the action of more than 2,000 characters, and would in its final design include almost every racial type and so-

## Next Week

THE GOTHIC AGE OF SCHOLARSHIP
By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MEN AND BRETHREN
By JAMES GOULD COZZENS
*Reviewed by Elmer Davis*

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cial class of American life, that I realized that even the pages of a book of 200,000 words were wholly inadequate for the purpose.

How did I finally arrive at this conclusion? I think it is not too much to say that I simply wrote myself into it. During all that year, I was writing furiously, feeling now the full pressure of inexorable time, the necessity to finish something. I wrote like mad; I finished scene after scene, chapter after chapter. The characters began to come to life, to grow and multiply until they were numbered by the hundreds, but so huge was the extent of my design, as I now desperately realized, that I can liken these chapters only to a row of lights which one sometimes sees at night from the windows of a speeding train, strung out across a dark and lonely countryside.

I would work furiously day after day until my creative energies were utterly exhausted, and although at the end of such a period I would have written perhaps as much as 200,000 words, enough in itself to make a very long book, I would realize with a feeling of horrible despair that what I had completed was only one small section of a single book.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1933

During this time I reached that state of naked need and utter isolation which every artist has got to meet and conquer if he is to survive at all. Before this I had been sustained by that delightful illusion of success which we all have when we dream about the books we are going to write instead of actually doing them. Now I was face to face with it, and suddenly I realized that I had committed my life and my integrity so irrevocably to this struggle that I must conquer now or be destroyed. I was alone with my own work, and suddenly I knew that I had to be alone with it, that no one could help me with it now no matter how anyone might wish to help. For the first time I realized another naked fact which every artist must know, and that is that in a man's work there are contained not only the seeds of life, but the seeds of death, and that that power of creation which sustains us will also destroy us like a leprosy if we let it rot stillborn in our vitals. I had to get it out of me somehow. I saw that now. And now for the first time a terrible doubt began to creep into my mind that I might not live long enough to get it out of me, that I had created a labor so large and so impossible that the energy of a dozen lifetimes would not suffice for its accomplishment.

During this time, however, I was sustained by one piece of inestimable good fortune. I had for a friend a man who is, I believe, not only the greatest editor of his time, but a man of immense and patient wisdom and a gentle but unyielding fortitude. I think that if I was not destroyed at this time by the sense of hopelessness which these gigantic labors had awakened in me, it was largely because of the courage and patience of this man. I did not give in because he would not let me give in, and I think it is also true that at this particular time he had the advantage of being in the position of a skilled observer at a battle. I was myself engaged in that battle, covered by its dust and sweat and exhausted by its struggle, and I understood far less clearly than my friend the nature and the progress of the struggle in which I was engaged. At this time there was little that this man could do except observe, and in one way or another keep me at my task, and in many quiet and marvelous ways he succeeded in doing this.

I was now at the place where I must produce, and even the greatest editor can do little for a writer until he has brought from the secret darkness of his own spirit into the common light of day the completed concrete accomplishment of his imagining. My friend, the editor, has likened his own function at this painful time to that of a man who is trying to hang on to the fin of a plunging whale, but hang on he did, and it is to his tenacity that I owe my final release.

Meanwhile, my creative power was functioning at the highest intensity it had ever known. I wrote at times without belief that I would ever finish, with nothing in me but black despair, and yet I wrote and wrote and could not give up writing. And it seemed that despair itself was the very goad that urged me on, that made me write even when I had no belief that I would ever finish. It seemed to me that my life in Brooklyn, although I had been there only two and a half years, went back through centuries of time, through ocean depths of black and bottomless experience which no ordinary scale of hours would ever measure. People have sometimes asked me what happened to my life during these years. They have asked me how I ever found time to know anything that was going on in the world about me when my life was so completely absorbed by this world of writing. Well, it may seem to be an extraordinary fact, but the truth is that never in my whole life have I lived so fully, have I shared so richly in the common life of man as I did during these three years when I was struggling with the giant problem of my own work.

For one thing, my whole sensory and creative equipment, my powers of feeling and reflection—even the sense of hearing, and above all, my powers of memory, had reached the greatest degree of sharpness that they had ever known. At the end of the day of savage labor, my mind was still blazing with its effort, could by no opiate of reading, poetry, music, alcohol, or any other pleasure, be put at rest. I was unable to sleep, unable to subdue the tumult of these creative energies, and as a result of this condition, for three years I prowled the streets, explored the swarming web of the million-footed city and came to know it as I had never done before. It was a black time in the history of the nation, a black time in my own life and, I suppose, it is but natural that my own memory of it now should be a pretty grim and painful one.

Everywhere around me, during these years, I saw the evidence of an incalculable ruin and suffering. And the staggering impact of this black picture of man's inhumanity to his fellow man, the unending repercussions of these scenes of suffering, violence, oppression, hunger, cold, and filth and poverty going on unheeded in a world in which the rich were still rotten with their wealth left a scar upon my life, a conviction in my soul which I shall never lose.

And from it all, there has come as the final deposit, a burning memory, a certain evidence of the fortitude of man, his ability to suffer and somehow to survive. And it is for this reason now that I think I shall always remember this black period with a kind of joy that I could not at that time have believed possible, for it was during this time that I lived my life through to a first completion, and through the suffering and labor of my own life came to share those qualities in the lives of people all around me. And that is another thing which the making of a book has done for me. It has given my life that kind of growth which I think the fulfilment of each work does give the artist's life, and insofar as I have known these things, I think that they have added to my stature.

The early winter of 1933 arrived and with it, it seemed to me, the final doom of an abysmal failure. I still wrote and wrote, but blindly, hopelessly, like an old horse who trots around in the unending circle of a treadmill and knows no other end nor purpose for his life than this. If I slept at night, it was to sleep an unceasing nightmare of blazing visions that swept across my fevered and unresting mind. And when I woke, it was to wake exhausted, not knowing anything but work, lashing myself on into a hopeless

(*Continued on page* 14)

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JACKET DESIGN BY GALDONE FOR "THE SOUND WAGON"
*"Mr. Stribling's intention in this volume is confused . . ."*

# Sound and Fury

*THE SOUND WAGON. By T. S. Stribling. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.* 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THIS purports to be a satiric political novel which chronicles the career of one Mr. Caridius, who runs for Congress on a reform ticket, and who is elected because, when the machine candidate dies, the machine throws its votes to him and afterwards enmeshes him in its toils. Eventually he runs for the Senate, but, because he has offended a great munitions magnate whose daughter is Caridius's secretary (he is in love with her), he is broken by the machine and sent to jail on a charge of bribery. The story might be the story of a novel like "Coniston," but "The Sound Wagon" is not in the least like one of Mr. Winston Churchill's books. Indeed, it is not like anything on the earth nor in the waters under the earth. I have seldom read so baffling a book, and, after some reflection, I conclude (in the manner of reviewers) that the fault does not lie in me. Mr. Stribling's intention in this volume is confused.

For one thing, "The Sound Wagon" is too anxiously contemporary. The title is obviously suggested by a campaign device used by Huey Long. The rackets, the munitions scandal, the plight of modern inventors, innumerable airplane flights, newspaper photographers, women's clubs —all the "features" of present-day political life are here. Mixed with these, it is true, are such standard elements of political fiction as the Irish policeman, the frightened Italian mother from the slums, the girl who goes wrong, the shrewd Catholic priest, and the dispenser of political buncombe. The names and some of the episodes irresistibly suggest "Of Thee I Sing," and the notion of indicting our whole political structure has a vague parallel in "It Can't Happen Here."

Mr. Stribling must of course use the contemporary. The difficulty is that this hodge-podge hides his intent. The satire on women's clubs is broad burlesque, the machinery of Caridius's downfall suggests the urbane political trickery in Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, the book as a whole seems to proceed from a mood of universal disgust. It is too heavy-handed for fantasy and not sufficiently controlled for universal truth. Mr. Stribling writes in what the eighteenth century called a fit of the spleen. There is not a single sympathetic character in his pages. Indeed, there is not a single character in his pages whom one can accept on the plane of realism, and few that one can accept on the plane of caricature. The human spirit comes by and by to revolt. We can't be as bad as all that, says the reader, and he is right, for he demands that in any book he shall follow the fortunes of some character sympathetically. Mr. Stribling denies this right.

He seems to be too close to his subject to see it. Consequently he over-emphasizes and underlines. When Dryden attacked Shaftesbury and Rochester, he stood at sufficient distance from them to see that they were human beings, and the result was the great gallery of portraits in "Absalom and Achitophel." Swift, out of patience with Walpole, translated the quarrels of Whigs and Tories into the universal humor of the political intrigues at the court of Lilliput. These writers understood instinctively the need of perspective. Mr. Stribling has not understood this need. The result is a merely topical book. "Contempt," wrote Meredith, "is a sentiment that cannot be entertained by comic intelligence." It is a sound observation. The American political system cannot be mended by contempt.

Finally it should be said that Mr. Stribling writes without wit and without distinction. From the uncouth opening sentence to the concluding paragraph his novel is pedestrian. The conversations are all alike, no matter who is talking; the narrative portion is uniformly dull.

# Mr. Russell Predicts

*IN PRAISE OF IDLENESS. By Bertrand Russell. New York: W. W. Norton & Co.* 1935. $2.50.

*RELIGION AND SCIENCE. By Bertrand Russell. New York: Henry Holt & Co.* 1935. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

BERTRAND RUSSELL is an asset to civilization, whether one agrees with his social philosophy or not. His socialism is not Marxian. He dislikes the Russian procedure as much as the Italian and German. He thinks it probable that the era we are entering will be more socialistic than the last, but he looks to gradual changes born of situations and events, persuasive rather than violent. He finds unregulated economics too erratic to endure; they are headed for control. But socialism to him must be democratic, or it will be a despotism or an iron oligarchy. Here one may begin to question the probabilities. A socialistic state would have so much to do, such vast responsibilities, that it would have to be a huge and intricate organization in order to cover the ground. Could such an organization be run at all except by an oligarchy or dictatorship? A Russian Commissar would perhaps say that Russell was not tough-minded enough to face realities, but the Commissar might have his own illusions too. He might think that eventually all Russians will think alike, and then the state can safely change over to democracy and freedom. That speculation would be as dubious as Russell's, and in more diverging directions.

Bertrand Russell is an asset to the times, however, because he is a distinguished scientist and a model of lucidity. The essays in "In Praise of Idleness" are nearly all on social and political, rather than scientific issues, and do not bear the authority of a specialist; but his lucidity is with him always. The essay on Youthful Cynicism points out that this cynicism is a characteristic of intelligent youth in England, France and the United States, not in Russia, India, China, or Japan, or generally in Germany. The title essay "In Praise of Idleness" recalls Stevenson's on the same subject; but Stevenson is interested in the personal values of idleness, and Russell in the values to society of distributed leisure.

"Religion and Science," in the later part, deals with many ideas that are difficult in themselves, but his opinion is always clear. The first conflicts were in distant fields, the astronomical. The insurgents were Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo. The battle line shifted to geology and biology, and drew nearer and nearer to the intimately human—psychology, ethics, mysticism, free will and determinism. Is there a definite limit to science, any foreseeable halt in its triumphant career? He indicates one by saying that science has to do with facts, not values.

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# The New Middle Class

*INSURGENT AMERICA. By Alfred M. Bingham. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1935. $2.50.

*THE CRISIS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS. By Lewis Corey. New York: Covici-Friede.* 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

WHEN Alfred Bingham first came to New York, he was pounced upon by a number of intellectuals who told him that everything was to be found in a book written by Marx years ago, and that in consequence he didn't have to do much thinking about it; all he had to do was to preach the word and wait. But Mr. Bingham detected some falseness in the advice, and I think I can explain his reaction—which has resulted in the writing of "Insurgent America"—by citing here an experience of my own in 1932.

That was the year in which it was "bourgeois," in intellectual New York, to vote for Norman Thomas. "We must rise to the level of the proletariat," an intellectual who had just deserted the middle class told me. I remember looking at this intellectual curiously, and I have watched him curiously ever since. There he was, wholly sincere, burning with new zeal, and anxious to make converts to the cause. Yet he was about to go among his erstwhile brethren of the middle class with an appeal based on the preposterous supposition that they were all masochists. He himself was "doing penance" for the accident of his middle class birth; he proposed that others should do likewise. I remember feeling mingled admiration and distaste for the whole spectacle. I don't like to scoff, for it may be a limitation in me that I can't take pleasure in being a Saint Paul. But it is only honest to say that my reaction was: "Hell, it's not my fault that my father is a shopkeeper and not a bricklayer. Anyway I'm as good as the proletariat." Which, I submit, would be the instinctive response of anyone who doesn't enjoy masochism.

LEWIS COREY

Mr. Bingham doesn't enjoy masochism. His book, which is partly analysis and partly a manifesto, is a definite reaction to the tactics of the "lorgnette communists" who made a practice of looking down upon the middle classes. He had a dim feeling as far back as 1932 that the traditional proletariat was powerless to bring about socialism without aid from other groups. Hadn't the history of Italy, and the events in a Germany that was about to swing to Hitler, proved that if the middle class can't be organized for socialism, it will be organized against socialism? In short, weren't the members of the middle class in the crucial position? Why, then, the continued emphasis on "proletarianism?" Why not a frank appeal both to the workers and to the numerous members of the middle classes who haven't very much of a stake in capitalism?

Since the coming to power of Hitler the communists themselves have given up the "lorgnette" approach to the middle classes. Lewis Corey's book is far closer to Mr. Bingham's than would have been conceivable in 1932. While Mr. Bingham, out of a pardonable self-respect that cannot stomach masochism, has been running away from the communists, the Left theoreticians like Mr. Corey have been running towards Mr. Bingham. There is as yet no broad "united front" party in America on the order of the French "popular front," so Mr. Bingham and Mr. Corey remain at odds on the field of tactics. Yet it is significant that "Insurgent America" and "The Crisis of the Middle Class" are very similar, so far as statistical analysis goes. In the matter of psychological analysis they differ. And yet the difference here is one of emphasis. What Mr. Bingham puts in his chapter heads, Mr. Corey relegates to his footnotes. Thus the entire thesis of Mr. Bingham's book is stated by Mr. Corey in a paragraph accompanying an asterisk on page 261. "The problem of the middle class, and particularly of salaried labor, was neglected by orthodox socialism," says Mr. Corey. "That's what I'm trying to tell you," says Mr. Bingham.

In their different ways, both Mr. Bingham and Mr. Corey are greatly impressed by the rise of the so-called "new" middle class. This class, which consists of salaried employees, owns practically no productive capital; its property consists largely of automobiles, homes, personal belongings, small savings accounts, and small insurance policies. It differs as a class from the traditional proletariat only in that it feels bourgeois. Mr. Corey bases his prophecies on the contention that the "new" middle class must become increasingly "proletarianized" as the world capitalist crisis deepens. Its wages will be severely cut on the lower levels; it will lose title to its property. And it will, therefore, see its duty to take a position by the side of "labor" in the class war. Because the "new" middle class—which far outnumbers the decreasing "old" middle class of small-scale entrepreneurs—has a necessary functional position in "capitalist collectivism" (which is Mr. Corey's phrase for the modern corporate structure), it will be needed in the "communist collectivism" that is to come. Therefore it can safely throw in its lot with the proletariat.

ALFRED M. BINGHAM

Mr. Bingham doesn't like the nature of Mr. Corey's invitation. The communists, he remembers, have a repellent habit of failing to distinguish between "productive capital," such as the steel mills of Mr. Weir, and such "uncapitalistic" property as a home in the suburbs, a Chrysler car, or the stony acres of the backcountry subsistence farmer. Very likely Mr. Bingham also remembers a Fourteenth Street wise-crack that went: "Always put the farmer in his place." Knowing the Middle West, knowing the haunts of Populism, knowing the La Follettes and the Minnesota Farmer-Labor crowd, Mr. Bingham is afraid of any radical tactics designed to "put the farmer in his place." The farmer, says Mr. Bingham, must be won, not treated as at best a poor relation of urban labor.

Mr. Corey's habit of assuming the ultimate automatic communist orientation of labor is, likewise, anathema to Mr. Bingham, who thinks the American labor movement has become "bourgeoisified," just as the German trade unions became fatally "bourgeoisified" in the period after the World War. Once a union has become

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powerful enough to bargain successfully with employers, it gets a "vested interest" in the capitalist structure. And Mr. Bingham also notes that the ownership of non-productive property—such as homes, automobiles, silk stockings, and patented orange squeezers—is known to American trade unionists as well as to the members of the "new" middle class. As for insurance policies, "labor" goes in for them as much as the "white collar" worker. Mr. Bingham thus fails to see the urgency of Mr. Corey's distinctions. If the "new" middle class is becoming the "new" proletariat, it is also true that the traditional proletariat has already become bourgeois. Which may explain why Heywood Broun, head of the Newspaper Guild, is about twice as radical as William Green and fully four times as Bolshevistic as Matthew Woll. If this tends to prove Mr. Corey's point about the "proletarianization" of the "new" middle class, it also tends to prove Mr. Bingham's point that the middle class can supply its own quota of leadership to an insurgent movement.

Personally, I can't see either Mr. Bingham's "third party" or Mr. Corey's communists getting very far in the near future. A capitalist upturn, plus the all-things-to-all-men phenomenon of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who will certainly be a candidate for re-election, stands in the way. But the fact that Mr. Corey's analyses are not cut-and-dried, and the possibility that he will come to see the relevance of Mr. Bingham's superior knowledge of the American psychology, lead one to infer that the American equivalent of the British Labor Party may be in the offing. The British Labor Party may not amount to much, just now, but it is at least "the opposition." America needs a crystallized "opposition," if only to compel such concessions as the new British housing program.

*John Chamberlain is the author of "Farewell to Reform."*

## A Great Showman

*DANIEL FROHMAN PRESENTS. An Autobiography. New York: Claude Kendall & Willoughby Sharp.* 1935. $3.50.

WHAT kind of book would one expect from the Dean of the Theatre in America? Not a literary book. Not, at his present age, a book with new vision of the stage. But a history rich in episode—a canvas presenting as they lived some of the most famous of our stage; the story of one of those Americans who carved out his own career. That is the kind of book you would expect from Daniel Frohman and that is what this book is. Good stories aplenty you will find in this volume and the description of certain historic occasions. Pages of photographs at the end are entitled "Daniel Frohman's Album." He has known them all, and seen them come and go. He is respected and loved and has written an honest story.

# News Dramas of a Decade

*A FOOTNOTE TO FOLLY. By Mary Heaton Vorse. New York: Farrar and Rinehart.* 1935. $3.

Reviewed by BEULAH AMIDON

EXCEPT for a brief chapter of Beginnings, Mrs. Vorse writes about the 1912-1922 decade in this country and Europe, as she saw it while she worked as reporter, relief worker, labor organizer. Her reminiscences, one of the notable pieces of autobiographical writing by an American woman, begin with the brutal injustices of the textile strike in Lawrence. Here, rather than in the pleasant security of Amherst where she grew up, she began her conscious education. "Things I saw in Lawrence aroused in me an indignation whose fire has never

MARY HEATON VORSE

gone out." Her narrative and her education progress through a Paterson silk strike, the "Ludlow massacre" in the Colorado coal fields, war time in Europe and the post-war years of famine, pestilence, and revolution, the great steel strike, the Mesaba Range, the Palmer "Red Raids," the tragedy of Sacco and Vanzetti, the Amalgamated lockout, an organization campaign among young, exploited shirtmakers in Pennsylvania. With her gift of languages (she speaks five) and of writing she was sent to "cover" the great dramas of the decade for *Harper's*, the *Outlook*, several of the women's magazines, Hearst, the American Relief Administration, the Red Cross. In this book she has put the life and color of her assignments. On almost every page there are bits as vivid as this:

> We climbed up ruined streets to eat clabbered milk in an Albanian café. Goats walked through the streets. And then we came down the steep hills amid incredible and fantastic ruins, past gypsy encampments in a ruined mosque.

In the background of Mrs. Vorse's work in those years, as of her thought, were always her three fatherless children whose expensive needs for medical care and education drove her to undertake one difficult job after another, to piecing out reports and articles with smooth, quick selling stories. Her concern for her own children did for her what it does for so few women—broadened her sympathy, sharpened her insight, quickened her imagination until she saw the price all children pay for adult stupidity and selfishness. The children who throng this book are the hungry, frightened children of the strike towns; French, Italian, Austrian, Balkan, Russian children familiar with bombardment, air raids, desolation, violent death; children stunted and crippled by starvation behind the blockades; children cast adrift by battle and by typhus. She tells, for instance, of a filthy, unforgettable Serbian waif, Milorad Bachinin, with whom the Balkan Commission shared a box car for a night. In casting up the cost of the war, she includes "hundreds of thousands of children like Milorad," who "walked the roadways of Europe and perished." She says:

> My book in its essence is about children, as the main interest in my life has been children—my own or other people's . . . Indeed, my book is the record of a woman who early in life got angry because many children lived miserably and died needlessly.

The book's one clear note of hope is the chapter on Russia. Mrs. Vorse shared Russia's "zero hour," the winter of famine and typhus when millions starved while "in Europe and America statesmen still debated whether it was politically expedient to send food to Russia." But in the midst of almost unbelievable suffering with the USSR standing a pariah among the "civilized" nations, Mrs. Vorse found "a feeling of new things growing; an incredible ferment."

Mrs. Vorse was always more than the reporter of the event. Once the Lawrence strike seared her tolerant liberalism, she saw not only suffering children, the burdens of the workers, the horrors of war and of unjust peace, but she studied realistically the causes of so much misery and defeat. And so today, looking behind the Ethiopian war headlines, she sees the great coöperative movement of pre-fascist Italy as she knew it in 1920 and writes:

> Italy has taught the lesson that whenever the working class gets strong enough to have even a semblance of peacefully changing the profit system or altering the structure of society to any extent, such a move will be countered by armed resistance of those who wish to prolong the present system, even though the price of prolonging this system is imperialist war.

*Beulah Amidon is associate editor of* Survey *and* Survey Graphic.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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## Selling Discontent

A COPY writer for the MacFadden magazines has published an essay on literature as a full-page advertisement in the daily papers.

Literature, according to him, can deal either with obelisks or with familiar bits of home country. Americans like to see obelisks, or Grand Canyons, or indeed anything else that stretches their imagination, just once, then they are through. But stories pitched upon "the plane of the anticipated reader's life," stories within the range of the environment of the masses—to these readers will come back again and again and ask for more.

There is some catch in this homely common sense. Why did the last generation read Walter Scott by the millions of copies? Because their plane of life anticipated knights in armor? Why does this generation lap up "Anthony Adverse"? Because they expect to be talented bastards wandering through Africa and Europe? Why do they buy success stories by the millions? Because they expect to win beautiful sweethearts who are the daughters of cracker kings and oil operators? But never mind this seeming contradiction. It is the other successful magazines that publish stories of this sort. Fifty million MacFaddens are unquestionably right. Enough of us to float a vast circulation do like homely stories about ourselves, all limitations included.

Yet why take full page advertisements to disclose this patent fact? Because of its sociological implications. And here our copy writer makes a critical point of far more interest than his rather one-sided generalizations in literary psychology.

Studied sociologically, the MacFadden magazine he studies reveals an important fact. Its success proves that the great mass of Americans are "conventional-minded." They do not want any change in the basis of their morals nor in the form of their government. They are, it seems, indifferent to youthful delinquency and eleven million unemployed. What, then, do they want? And here we come to the nub of the argument, and the reason for all this display of type. They do want to "acquire new wants and desires." But these wants and desires are not spiritual, not (by definition) moral or political, not apparently patriotic, social, intellectual; nor do they have any relation to making men happier or wiser or healthier or more self-expressive, except by one route. What these masses want is "to co-operate with that supreme effort of America" by which they become the market that consumes the commodities of the country.

Far be it from us to dispute this reasoning. It is not only Americans that are conventional-minded. It is not only the Americans who want automobiles instead of bicycles, rayon instead of cotton, an elevator apartment instead of a two-family house, a table d'hôte instead of hash and beans, a washing machine instead of a tub. This is a law of human nature—fortunately not the only law.

And it is unquestionably the secret of the success of this kind of American magazine. Make the masses want physical comfort and bodily luxury. Make them discontented with their lot in life. Flaunt silk stockings, shiny cars, Florida beaches, style-built clothes before their weary eyes. Tell stories about such things, and about plain, ordinary people of no education or moral strength or exceptional accomplishments who have got them and enjoyed them. Hang a turkey instead of a bunch of hay in front of the donkey's nose, and readers will take your magazines by millions, and to the limit of their cash plus instalment privileges and loans, they will buy the goods that they are told make life complete. The sociological importance of this fact is obvious, also its commercial importance. As our copy writer says, no MacFadden editor is bothered by pressure from the advertising department. All he has to do is to watch the circulation returns. If they go up he sits tight.

But who is to do the thinking? Where is the money coming from to allay this discontent with plain living, stoked up to fever heat weekly by stories which tell the millions how the Joneses are living, and by advertisements next to reading matter full of enticing pictures of a bourgeois paradise of dressing gowns, sedans, jewelry, canned soups, cosmetics, and electric ice chests?

"We now can take," says our copy writer, "this enormous mass of readers, which you manufacturers of America originally began to foster with money and leisure, and turn them back to you *definitely and truly tabulated as 'The MacFadden Market.'*" One may add, definitely and truly made luxury hungry, definitely and truly tabulated as some millions of Americans who can't be bothered with the Grand Canyons of responsible thinking or the obelisks of the imagination, but who have been taught to follow the smell of flesh-pots until discontent leads them into satiety or frustration.

May we suggest that Mr. MacFadden's copy writer, while psychologically and sociologically sound, is somewhat irresponsible. His business is to sell advertising space. Yet much more seems to be involved in this affair. The statement is clear that literature can be used to make the masses want to be rich, and shouldn't be used to make them want to be anything else, at least by hard-boiled gentry out for profits. That is a proposition which would have given Socrates a happy hour arguing under his plane tree. But grant its limited truth. Where does it leave the "manufacturers of America"? If the copy writer is happily irresponsible, can they afford to be, since it was they who "fostered the money and leisure" (an ambiguous word!) in present-day America, and apparently are expected to continue to foster the purchasing power which alone can stuff the mouth of the plain man who has been taught to want more than he can afford. Is this propaganda for the Townsend plan? Is it an ironical suggestion that the duty in life of the MacFadden magazines is to force a redistribution of wealth? If the latter, all hail. We are sufficiently converted to the new economics to believe that the more people buy the better for them, provided they learn somehow to be masters not slaves of their purchasing. And nothing here said should be construed to mean that the masses ought not to get the commodities they manufacture. But suppose this "MacFadden Market" gets over-stimulated, as it did in the twenties. Suppose it turns sour with disappointment. Somebody will have to think how to soothe it. Somebody not "conventional-minded." Somebody not writing copy to attract advertisers of goods which only incomes above the subsistence level can buy. Somebody whose anticipations of life go further ahead than selling discontent.

## Ten Years Ago

T. S. Stribling's "Teeftallow" appeared early in 1926. Charles Puckette, who reviewed it for The Saturday Review, believed that the novel would "*strengthen Mr. Stribling's reputation,*" but he went on to say that "*authors with a passion for truth such as Mr. Stribling so patently has, often make the mistake of thinking that truth about humanity must wear a stern visage to attract attention. . . .*"

"The Rope," a dramatization from this novel, played on Broadway in 1928, and in 1933 Mr. Stribling received the Pulitzer Prize for his novel, "The Store."

## Today

Howard Mumford Jones reviews T. S. Stribling's new novel, "The Sound Wagon," on page 5 of this issue. "*The American political system,*" writes Mr. Jones, "*cannot be mended by contempt . . .*"

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# Letters to the Editor: *Best-Sellers and the Improvement of Taste*

## "Colonials No Longer"

SIR:—Because I have been working on popular American literature in precisely the way Frederick Lewis Allen suggested in his essay on best-sellers in the SRL for the seventh of December, I was especially curious about his findings and opinions. Near the end of his paper Mr. Allen offered a statement which needs, I think, a little clarification. After remarking that no British writer of good standing got on our best-seller lists before 1917, but that after 1917 Wells, Conrad, and Galsworthy (he should also have mentioned Maugham) achieved that distinction, he proceeds to point out that in 1929 a Continental book reached first place for the first time. Of course Mr. Allen is writing of the period from 1900 to 1935, but his next sentence does create some obscurity. "We were," he says of the years subsequent to 1929, "colonials no longer [would not "provincials" have been the better word here?], children in the family of nations no longer; we now accepted the the work of men and women of other nations very much as we accepted the work of our own people . . ." But before the mentioned date Americans had "accepted" the fiction of Stevenson, Du Maurier, Kipling, Ian Maclaren, and Sienkiewicz. Before 1929, in fact, we had all too often been obliged to publish and read foreign writers rather than our own. It was then that we were "colonial."

GRANT C. KNIGHT.

University of Kentucky,
Lexington, Ky.

## Training New Readers

SIR:—Mr. Frederick Lewis Allen, in his informing article, "Best-Sellers: 1900-1935," attributes the change in taste in the reading habits of Americans to many valid causes, but it appears to me that he has ignored one of the most important. That reason may be found in a study of the extraordinary growth in the registers of our secondary schools in the great centers of population in the period covered by his study, and in the changing attitude towards what is worth reading in the minds of the English teachers in these schools.

In New York City the High School population in 1900 was much less than 25,000; in 1935, it is about 250,000. In other words, this increase, which has been progressive over the period, represents the ever-increasing numbers of our citizenry who have been securing the benefits of the educational process through the adolescent period. They have become the more intelligent and the more critical readers of our day. In a similar way, this work of developing ever larger numbers of such readers has been carried on in the colleges with their ever-increasing registers. Our present public reads and demands good reading material as a result of the excellent job being done in our schools with greater and greater portions of our population.

But numbers alone do not explain fully just why taste has passed from a demand for "To Have and to Hold" for reading by mature people to "The Good Earth." Something has been going on in the English Departments of our secondary schools that may help to explain this phenomenon. More and more have those works of a serious nature that we label today as books for adults become part of the required reading course in our High Schools. For example, in many schools in the City of New York such works as "Ethan Frome, "The Old Wives' Tale," "Victory," "The Return of the Native," "Green Mansions," "Arrowsmith," are today incorporated as novels for class study; they have been made available for such use by the activities of our teachers who have secured the coöperation of publishers in the preparation of modestly priced editions and the approval of the school authorities in the listing of these books for purchase and use in the schools. In addition, the supplementary reading lists in our English Departments stress heavily literary works of all kinds produced by our serious practitioners of the art of literature.

FRANK A. SMERLING.

Board of Education,
New York City.

"I WANT TO EXCHANGE A COPY OF SHELLEY'S POEMS FOR A PAIR OF ICE SKATES."

## Middle Initial

SIR:—"Trade Winds" of November 30th points out that "Elrick B Davis, the literary editor of the Cleveland Press, makes a point of not putting a point after his middle initial." It is perhaps not pointless to remark that the initial may be no abbreviation at all, and therefore no period required. A noted case of this kind is that of the late W J McGee, eminent ethnologist, who wrote his name just as here printed, with no points, his given name being simply these two letters of the alphabet. Printers, however, in their superior wisdom in such matters, of course almost always got it wrong.

HORACE E. MCFARLAND.

Junction City, Kansas.

## Mary Mapes Dodge

SIR:—I am preparing a book on the life and work of my great-aunt Mary Mapes Dodge. I should be grateful for any information which your readers might care to supply concerning her as a person and editor; and remarks regarding *St. Nicholas* magazine would also be most welcome.

Any letters, documents, etc., sent me will be most carefully handled and promptly returned.

SPENCER MAPES.

430 E. 58 St.,
New York City.

## Proletarian Poetry

SIR:—I am compiling and editing an Anthology of Proletarian Poetry which will be published by the Black Cat Press Publishers. I would like to receive poems illustrative of the life, struggles, aspirations, and defeats of the working class. Also satiric poems of contemporary persons, conditions, institutions, events, etc. If you desire the return of your poems please enclose sufficient postage. Send your poems to Irvin Haas, 581 Snediker Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

IRVIN HAAS.

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# Fringes of Civilization

*EXPLORING TODAY. By Lincoln Ellsworth. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* 1935. $1.50.

*THE UNTOLD STORY OF EXPLORATION. By Lowell Thomas. The same.* $3.

*THIS BUSINESS OF EXPLORING. By Roy Chapman Andrews. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.* 1935. $3.

*MEN AND GODS IN MONGOLIA. By Henning Haslund. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.* 1935. $5.

*NOWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD. By G. B. Enders and Edward Anthony. New York: Farrar & Rinehart.* 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by KERMIT ROOSEVELT

IN this galaxy of volumes every range of interest and desire can be accommodated. The three volumes dealing with the history of exploration are concerned with almost every corner of the earth and are, of necessity, chiefly told at second hand. There is an exception in Lincoln Ellsworth's book where he recounts his own Arctic experiences. This is indeed a gripping story of indomitable courage fighting fearful odds, and the modest, self-effacing manner of its telling only adds to the vividness of the emergency faced. Those whose privilege it is to know Ellsworth personally, can thoroughly appreciate his quiet and unassuming resourcefulness, and feel confident that unless some unforeseen accident has occurred, that same quiet courage and painstaking ability will bring him through his present predicament in the Antarctic.

Ellsworth's volume deals with modern or almost modern exploration. One of his chapters is devoted to Roy Chapman Andrews and his work in the Gobi Desert.

Roy Andrews in his own volume gives us a general survey of his field work in Asia and adds many incidents of hunting and exploring that have not appeared in the previous volumes dealing with the work of the Central Asiatic Expedition. The chapter regarding his friend and associate, McKenzie Young, will have a particular appeal.

"The Untold Story of Exploration" is a gold mine; and one that will take a long time to exhaust. It is difficult to imagine anyone reading it and not being spurred on to trace many of the careers depicted in it back to their original sources. And this brings to mind a real lack in the volume. Except for a few inadequate lines in the introduction there is no reference bibliography of any sort whatsoever. A substantial and detailed list of sources might well have been added.

Mr. Thomas's purpose in his book is to bring from their obscurity many of the great explorers and travelers who for one reason or another have never had emphasis put on their achievements. His selection is an excellent one, ranging from Chang K'ien to Bertram Thomas on land, and from Pytheas to Lapérouse at sea. Particularly happy is the choice of Mary Kingsley as a Victorian explorer, for her personal feats are by no means sufficiently appreciated. Incidentally, it is surprising to hear Thomas say that he has read none of her Uncle Henry Kingsley's books, for "Geoffrey Hamlin" can certainly be reckoned as among the best novels of Australian life in the "back lots."

Another woman who might well fit into Thomas's galaxy is Miss Snetlage, a German who was for many years head of the Museum and the Zoölogical Gardens in Pará. Entirely alone she made a number of expeditions in the Amazon basin, one of the most interesting being a traverse between the upper waters of the Xingu and Tapajos rivers through unknown and unexplored territory, similar to that in which Colonel Fawcett was many years later to lose his life.

RECORDING BIRD SONGS FROM A PORTABLE TOWER.

It would be easy to pick out from among the men many who deserved better of fame, such as Ulrich Schmidel whose account of life in Argentina has for some reason always been associated with Jean de Lery's description of Rio de Janeiro. Then there is the Portuguese, Fernão Mendes Pinto, who by his contemporaries suffered the same fate as Marco Polo and was branded as a prince of liars. Indeed by changing two letters in his name they made it read "Fernão, Mentes?" "Minto." ("Fernão, Do you lie?" "I lie.") In after years the truth of many of his most doubted statements was convincingly verified.

When Owen Lattimore writes of Haslund's "Tents in Mongolia" as "the best book of travel and adventure since Gilmour of the Mongols died," and Rodney Gilbert calls it "the best book of travel in Asia since Abbé Huc's in 1846," a second book by Haslund naturally calls up lively anticipations of pleasant and thrilling reading. Nor is one disappointed.

Henning Haslund has spent seven years of his life in and around Mongolia and the far interior of China, where he bent his energies to establishing a genuine comradeship with the nomadic peoples among whom he lived. For more than three years he was in active service with Sven Hedin's Central Asiatic Expedition, but before being taken on as second in command of transport he had already set his heart upon visiting the Torguts, a little known Mongolian tribe reputed to have preserved both their independence and the

THE SCIENTIFIC LAST WORD IN JIG-SAW PUZZLES

*Arranging fragments of Hoplitosaurus skeleton at the American Museum of Natural History. Pictures on this page from "Exploring Today."*

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customs and laws of their ancestors. Eventually he succeeded in reaching their country and learned much of interest and value.

The chapters in which he chronicles his experiences are crowded with incidents and adventure. Mr. Haslund has a gift for language and his narrative never loses interest.

"Nowhere Else in the World," by Gordon Enders in collaboration with Edward Anthony, gives no indication as to how much of the writing was done by Enders and how much by his associate. With the exception of several chapters dealing with service in the air on the Western front during the war, and an account of school days at Wooster College in Ohio, the bulk of the volume deals with Thibet and India. The life at Wooster must inevitably bring to mind Kim's days at St. Xavier in Partibus. Wooster is specifically endowed for the training of American youth from Asiatic countries. Enders writes:

> Nowhere else in America could such a strangely assorted group be found. Not a single one of the fifty had less than two languages; some of them spoke a half dozen strange tongues and dialects. I was immediately thrown into fast growing friendships with youths from China, Korea, Persia, Japan, Syria, Siam, Indo-China and Manchuria. My Asiatic background, hitherto confined almost entirely to Northern India and Thibet, began to fill in with a detailed picture of the peoples and problems of all other parts of that vast continent.

Much space is given to the Younghusband Expedition, and all that led up to it and followed it, presumably drawn largely from Tibetan sources, and many tales of banditry and of life among the lamas find inclusion in the narrative. The concluding chapters of the book are occupied with the life in China of the Panchan Lama to whom Enders became American adviser. The volume closes with a series of really excellent photographs of Tibetan personalities and temples.

# India in Pictures

*THE FACE OF MOTHER INDIA. By Katherine Mayo. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by VICTOR G. HEISER

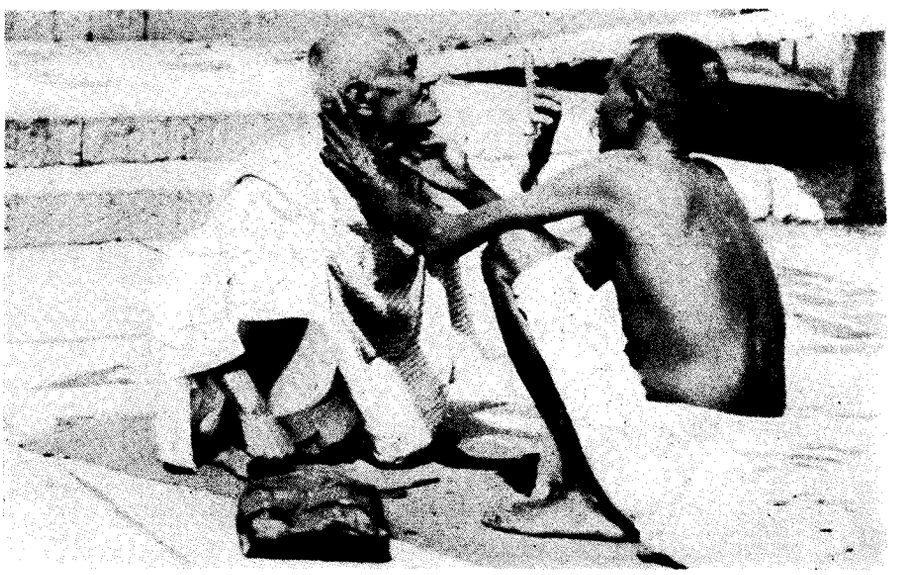
I FIRST met that modern crusader, Miss Katherine Mayo, eleven years ago when she was in the Philippine Islands gathering material for the "Isles of Fear." In my various conversations with this intelligent and forceful woman I recognized how deeply she was imbued with the Western ideals of service. Her real sympathy with the underdog was easily fired to indignation by the abuses to which he was subjected, but at the same time she had a naïve, unquestioning belief in Anglo-Saxon honesty and faithfulness to accepted trust.

Since she had already finished her mission in the Islands and was seeking another outlet for her zeal, I suggested that admirals and generals had their biographies written with resounding phrases to the ruffle of drums and fanfare of trumpets, but they had all been engaged in the business of death; that besides the Pasteurs and Kochs there were many other heroes of life who remained inadequately honored on the printed page. Miss Mayo went to India with the purpose of writing a book on health, but after witnessing the effects of the tragic child marriages, and after several official interviews more revealing for what was not said than for what was said, she began delving for further facts as to the degradation of the Hindu race by religious servitude. She followed the trail no matter where it might lead or what it might uncover. The result was "Mother India."

The "Face of Mother India," published now eight years later, is a picture book for adults. Through 394 photographs with accompanying text, it goes far towards substantiating her previous statements. She has traveled over two continents in the search, examining them by the thousand. Many times I have myself seen, just as they are here portrayed, the landscapes, the temples, the peoples working in the fields and bowing down before their gods, the teeming filthy cities, and the multifarious aspects of Indian life.

In forty large pages she has written a scholarly and succinct introduction to Indian history, a masterly job of condensation, accomplished without losing clarity. She sketches briefly, but with an unerring sense of drama and pageantry, the great era of the Mogul conquerors—the gorgeous line from Mamond, Babur, Akbar, Jahangir, Shajahan, to Aurungzeb. Her attitude is kindly to the East India Company, and to imperial Clive and Hastings. She plays upon the triangle of the brave heroic Muslim, the cast-bound Hindu, and the Christian Anglo-Saxon. Her dominant theme is the superiority of the Mohammedans who, unhandicapped by the worship of gods, come closer to Christian standards of conduct, and for whose courage and ability she has great admiration. This is constantly contrasted with the Hindu religion, which is abhorrent to Christian ideals. The Hindu cannot be freed from his self-imposed fetters; the hands of Siva clutch him tight and will not let him go. The Hindu himself she does not hate, although she believes he is a potential menace to civilization. Gandhi in her opinion has done irreparable harm because his advocacy of passive resistance has resulted in extreme violence among Hindus unprepared for the Western education they have received. From my own point of view Gandhi has been an equal menace to the health of his people. Flying in the face of all modern scientific knowledge, and ignoring the tremendous number of human beings slain by insects through their transmission of plague, typhus, cholera, and malaria, he stated in the *Times of India, June,* 1935, "We have no right to take the lives of insects, flies, lice, rats, or fleas. They have as much right to live as we."

At times Miss Mayo may weaken her case and frighten away the potential convert by over-emphasis and special pleading, but she is led into this partisanship by her own strong feeling that these things should not be so. Nevertheless, on my last trip to India, I found much of the animosity against her had died down. Many progressive Hindus had now read "Mother India," and regretted their former attitude. They recognized that her book had been of great service to their people and looked upon her as the Harriet Beecher Stowe of India.



THE BARBER PRACTISES HIS CALLING IN THE OPEN
*He also serves as negotiator of marriages. From "The Face of Mother India."*

*Dr. Victor G. Heiser is associate director of the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation.*

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# Psychology and the Law

*LAW AND THE LAWYERS. By Edward S. Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $2.50.*

Reviewed by ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

A PSYCHOLOGIST'S views about law are much needed. Increasing attention has been paid of late years to the fact that laws are not impersonal objects like the standard yard kept under glass in Washington, but modes of action by judges and other human beings with limited thinking powers and a variety of strong emotions. Professor Robinson has had an especially good opportunity to undertake this task, because for several years he has collaborated with Professor Thurman W. Arnold in courses at the Yale Law School. All thoughtful lawyers ought to make use of his book.

An important main position of the author is that an adequate psychological background in the training of lawyers will establish in them a persistent curiosity as to the thinking of judges and juries and the motives of litigants. This curiosity will always be ready to enable them to appraise new facts whenever they may be uncovered. The author is admirably cautious in not expecting psychology to be immediately serviceable in solving specific legal problems. Thus he points out that the recently increased knowledge of psychologists about memory does not seem capable of direct assimilation into the evaluation of the testimony of witnesses. You cannot subject the witnesses to laboratory tests and grade their evidence accordingly. On the other hand, trial lawyers would do better in handling witnesses, if they knew something about laboratory findings concerning the way forgetting takes place at widely varying rates because of numerous factors.

> Loss of material that has long been known is slower than that of the more recently acquired. Forgetting proceeds slowly during sleep, more rapidly during mental activity of a kind unrelated to the material in question, and very rapidly during mental activity which is similar but not identical with the material in question. Material that is recalled shortly after it has been learned will be forgotten at a considerably slower rate than will material which is benefitted by no such early rehearsal.

In short, psychology will provide lawyers and judges with an attitude. It will furnish guides to better judgments, although it will not supply judgments that are ready-made.

Two interesting points in the author's examination of judicial reasoning are these. He explains "the queer decision" that seems grotesque when taken at face value and in direct relation to the point admittedly at issue, by saying that probably the judge was really deciding something else or something more and failed to say so. The judicial doctrine that the specific litigation must not be decided as an isolated fact but only as an example of a general principle applicable to future cases often seems absurd to the men suing each other, but the author shows how the same tendency to generalize is characteristic of laymen as well. The parent who gives his child an unaccustomed privilege knows he may have to give it for good. "The bride whose mate forgets the parting kiss is mainly concerned with whether the omission represents a new principle of their association."

It is odd that the opening chapters of the book show a marked difference in tone from the constructive portions which follow. The author's desire to shake lawyers out of complacent satisfaction with their own thoughts about themselves and cause them to make use of psychology, brings about numerous sneers at lawyers and extravagant claims for his own subject. He is continually setting up anonymous stodgy jurists with absurd views as representative of the entire legal profession. Being an opponent of capital punishment (like the reviewer), he blames lawyers for executions, which is a little hard, since most people blame lawyers because there are not more executions. He argues that the reason which keeps lawyers from turning the administration of criminal justice over to psychologists and sociologists is the fear of losing the privileges of criminal practice. In fact, most members of the bar would be glad to get rid of the participation of the bar in criminal cases, which yield returns to only a few lawyers, if only the psychologists and sociologists would prove that they could be trusted.

Again he ridicules lawyers because they do not readily accept his proposition that "all juristic problems are ultimately psychological." It would be equally true to say that they are all ultimately economic, or ultimately geographical, because of the influence of environment on human transactions. A few years ago psychologists were claiming all business as their peculiar field. The chief result was the encouragement of high-pressure salesmanship. It is unwise by such sweeping statements to prevent sensible men in various fields from recognizing the real contribution which psychology has made to their work. Not only can psychology help law, but all law can help psychology.

*Zechariah Chafee, Jr., is professor of law at Harvard University.*

# Diplomacy vs. War

*BY PACIFIC MEANS. By Manley O. Hudson. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1935. $2.50.*

Reviewed by COLBY TOWNSEND

PROFESSOR HUDSON'S addresses at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy earlier this year, now available in book form, constitute a welcome addition to the existing material on pacific settlement of international disputes.

Taking his title from the significant phrase of Article 2 of the Pact of Paris, Professor Hudson proceeds to explore the "pacific means" which are available today for the solution of conflicts between nations. While pre-war developments are not ignored, chief attention is naturally directed to the role played by the League of Nations and the Permanent Court in the period since 1919, and to the more important treaties on pacific settlement concluded since that date.

Professor Hudson observes that the last decade and a half has witnessed great strides forward toward the goal of peace in the international community, but he enters a caveat that the setting-up of machinery for peaceful settlement does not by itself guarantee the preservation of peace. It simply provides, as he himself says, "methods by which a will to peace, if it exists, can be effectuated."

# Nativity

By MILDRED FOWLER FIELD

FEARFUL she heard the closing of the door
That shut them out; the beasts were quiet now—
Pain was an iron hawk whose talons tore
Her bones apart—but Joseph wiped her brow
Pityingly. Then, swiftly she was free.
Something stirred there beside her in the hay:
It was as if she saw the heaven tree
Drop leaves of light about her where she lay.

She didn't hear the singing from afar
With Love to swaddle, didn't mind the cocks
Crowing the news. She kissed the tiny star
Marked in a wrinkled palm. The great dun ox
Knelt with the sheep—but Mary saw His eyes
Nor knew the sudden splendor of the skies.

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# The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

## Sociology

The cold did not seem to work as much hardship upon the destitute and homeless as might have been expected.
—*New York Times*, December 22.

I SAW a poor man on the street,
His shoes inadequate for feet
But those whom he approached for dimes
His beggary rejected.
Oh no, they said; regrets, old lad,
The hardship is not really bad:
You're not so cold, as per the *Times*,
As might have been expected.

When sick with hunger, worry, chill,
A bowl of soup my guts would fill
But if I venture on a touch
I'm easily corrected:
"Municipal solicitude
Will care for your vicissitude;
You do not suffer half so much
As might have been expected."

O world of fire and clothes and food
And every kind of plenitude
Now let the press those words confess
As irony perfected:
That after 1900 Yules
The best that we can do, poor fools,
Is judge of other men's distress
By comfortable distant guess—
Which seems, by Christ, a little less
Than might have been expected.

## Les Plaisirs et Les Jours

We take this title from Marcel Proust's book which we began to read in 1924 but never finished; it made us too nervous. Should we try again? &&& E. T. L. writes that he has always hoped some entomologist called Antony would write a book on Coleoptera &&& Ourself, have always intended to write a story about an Illinois gangster and mollkiller and call it Romeo in Joliet. &&& Among the greatest pleasures of 1935 has been watching the unusually comic shape of women's hats. On the long vista of Fifth Avenue we sometimes pause to think of the enormous aggregate of precious female energy expended in hesitating, demurring (or demuring?) and eventually choosing some tilted frisk of millinery. &&& Mr. Tom Daly, the poet, watching the stream of taxicabs along Eighth Avenue outside Penn Station, was excited to see the name of Franz von Taxis, 1500 (the earliest Postmaster General) inscribed on the front of the big P. O. &&& Perhaps the wittiest line we have read in 1935 was in Elizabeth Bowen's delicious book, *The House in Paris*, which Knopf will publish presently: "What would the Irish do without somebody to be Irish *at*?" &&& We forward this without charge to the Archbishop of York. &&& We were very happy in the Knothole with our new streamlined oil stove until, going to the local garage to refill a tank of kerosene, we met a neighbor who said that in Willa Cather's *The Professor's House* the Professor was done in by the fumes of an oil stove. &&& E. T. L. (who is often a nuisance) also writes to know what we meant by being in "a mood of Lentil Soup." Well, we were thinking of the days when we were in the theatre business over in Hoboken. When the week's payroll was made up, just before the matinee on Saturday, the management used to go across the street to lunch at the Continental Hotel. At Saturday lunch they always served thick lentil soup (with little slices of sausage in it). So lentils came to be associated in our mind with the passive (or exhausted) feeling of Saturday noon, when everything that can be done has been done for that week, and the event is in the tambourine of fatality.

## Notice to Mariners

SIR:—The way to get a real kick out of the Hydrographic Office's "Notice to Mariners" is to own your own boat and chart locker and enter the local corrections in these notices on your very own charts. I was off sailing this summer with Sam Morison and Zech Chafee, Jr., in Sam's fine little yawl, the *Idler*. We cruised around the Bay of Fundy for a while. Somewhere down between Quoddy Head and Grand Manan there came a lovely afternoon of sparkling sea and soft southwest wind, land in the distance all around, bright sky overhead, and peace actually nearer than the horizon.

I had the wheel. Zech was reading and telling tales as they came to mind. Sam had been fussing about with the brass polish and a bit of waste. Suddenly he appeared in the companion bearing all the charts on board and a sheaf of these "Notice to Mariners." There wasn't wind enough on deck to blow the papers away; he spread them out and looked them over. Then he stripped to the waist, opened a quart of ale (we had just been to St. Andrews), and thrust a pencil behind either ear. For the next while he was engrossed in as keen and joyful a game as one could witness, jotting corrections on his beloved charts in a frenzy of nautical fidelity, covering them with extraordinary loops and stitches in his bold but slithering write of hand, taking a spell at odd times to refresh himself, while the *Idler* drifted on towards Campobello and the water lapped alongside and the sun shone and the gentle breeze blew. Sam really enjoyed the "Notice to Mariners" that way; we enjoyed his enjoyment, though he bothered us with silly questions, trying to ensnare us in technical comment. Nevertheless, we managed to support the afternoon.

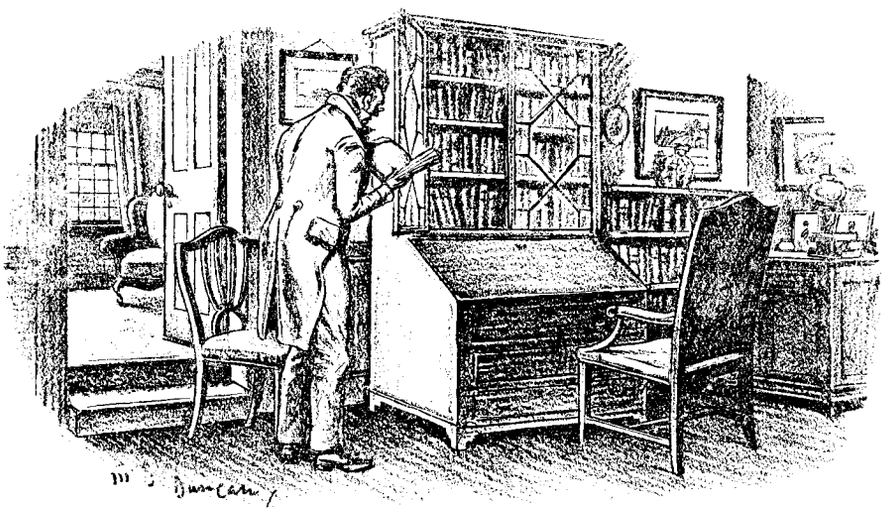
Do you ever read the Maritime Miscellany in the daily press? That has more color in it than "Notice to Mariners," to my mind.

LINCOLN COLCORD.

Searsport, Maine.

## Coleridge Still Ahead

SIR:—Have you ever felt like a watersnake? I have never felt like an Ancient Mariner, either, but I have, on several occasions, blessed you unawares. The most recent was when I read your reminder of S. T. C. in the Green for October 19. Coleridge was my theme that week in my course in the Romantic Poets. I was particularly impressed by the aptness of the incident of moonlight shining on your sun dial, and your likening the result to Coleridge's poetical achieve-



DRAWING FOR "DREAMTHORP," *by Walter Jack Duncan.*

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ments: "Was that not exactly Coleridge himself, I wondered: reckoning hours by moonlight on a dial marked for sun."

Having cited this to my class, the next day I came across the following lines from Coleridge's "Limbo" (1817):

*Lank Space, and scytheless Time with branny hands*
*Barren and soundless as the measuring sands,*
*Not marked by flit of Shades,—unmeaning they*
*As moonlight on the dial of the day!*

It is hard to get ahead of Coleridge, even if we rise by moonlight!

EDWARD B. HINCKLEY.
University of Tampa.

Lovers of poetry will remember that the Green often, in earlier years, spoke of Lizette Woodworth Reese. We first heard of her death last week by seeing, astonished, her famous sonnet *Tears* reprinted on the front page of the New York *World-Telegram.* By that one sonnet she will live long, though she wrote much other excellent verse. Several other of her sonnets seem, until you examine them closely, almost as good as *Tears;* then you see there is some slip in transmission; they haven't the absolute inevitability that the sonnet requires; the wheel of thought has slipped and the rail had to be sanded. A sonnet is like a ski-jump; it's either perfect or it's nothing. The initial momentum must carry all the way through; you can't stop in the middle and think it out again.

Wasn't it T. W. H. Crosland who estimated that there are not more than forty or fifty perfect sonnets in English? He was a bad tempered man, but he had interesting opinions. Indeed much study of the sonnet would necessarily make one irritable. In so many hands the thing became a strumpet.

But I had it in mind to quote from a letter that Miss Reese wrote some years ago. When, after more than a decade of silence, she published her little volume *Spicewood* (the title suggests both her strength and her weakness) the Bowling Green tried to do something to help remind readers of her lovely talent. She wrote us at that time (in 1921):—

"I am 65 years old, and teach English literature and composition in the Western High School, Baltimore. I was born in what is now called Waverly but was then Huntingdon. It was a quiet pastoral country. An omnibus ran twice a day into town. My paternal side was Welsh, my maternal German. My first book, *A Branch of May* (1887) was published at my own expense; every copy was sold. It was a little, thin, grey, measly looking book, turned out by a local publisher. My sonnet *Tears* was first printed in *Scribner's* in 1899; the check for it came when the crepe hung on the door for the death of my father. Whether the poem was due to some subtle premonition, I do not know.

"I am small, fair, grey, and good-humored. Also quick tempered. I love Life, and Beauty, and People."

Looking at Burton Stevenson's *Home Book of Modern Verse* to refresh my memory of some of Lizette Reese's poems I found written in the back of that anthology the following rhyme—set down there some ten years ago when the book was new. I hope it's not ill-mannered to print it:—

There's one poet whose name I love:
Fredegond Shove! Fredegond Shove!
Is he masculine? Is she feminine?
Drinks straight gin? Or Scotch with lemon in?
Does he write in a mood piacular?
Is she highbrow? or vernacular?
How does it sell, or is it unsalable?
But Stevenson says (it ought to be jailable!)
*No biographical data available.*

We thought we had hit on a new idea when we remarked some time ago that Books are the Daylight Saving of the mind. Then, dipping into the *Death of Blanche the Duchess* we observe that Chaucer said it perfectly a long time ago: *To read and drive the night away.* A good motto for a bookplate; probably it has been used many times as such.—And here, as Chaucer said, taketh the maker of this Green his leave.

P.S.—And the annual apology for unanswered letters, unaccomplished hopes, and ill humors under pressure.

CHRISTMAS AT DREAMTHORP, *by Walter Jack Duncan.*

## The Story of a Novel

(*Continued from page* 4)

labor, and so furiously at it through the day and then night again, a frenzied prowling of a thousand streets, and so to bed and sleepless sleep again, the nightmare pageantry to which my consciousness lay chained a spectator.

Such was the state my life had come to in the early winter of 1933, and even at that moment, although I could not see it, the end of my huge labor was in sight. In the middle of December of that year the great editor, of whom I have spoken, and who, during all this tormented period, had kept a quiet watch upon me, called me to his home and calmly informed me that my book was finished. I could only look at him with stunned surprise, and finally I only could tell him out of the depth of my own hopelessness, that he was mistaken, that the book was not finished, that it could never be completed, that I could write no more. He answered with the same quiet finality that the book was finished whether I knew it or not, and then he told me to go to my room and spend the next week in collecting in its proper order the manuscript which had accumulated during the last two years.

I followed his instructions, still without hope and without belief. I worked for six days sitting in the middle of the floor surrounded by mountainous stacks of typed manuscript on every side. At the end of a week I had the first part of it together, and just two days before Christwas, 1933, I delivered to him the manuscript of "The October Fair," and a few days later, the manuscript of "The Hills Beyond Pentland." The manuscript of "The Fair" was, at that time, something over 1,000,000 words in length. He had seen most of it in its dismembered fragments during the three preceding years, but now, for the first time, he was seeing them in their sequential order, and once again his marvelous intuition was right; he had told me the truth when he said that I had finished the book.

It was not finished in any way that was publishable or readable. It was really not a book so much as it was the skeleton of a book, but for the first time in four years the skeleton was all there. An enormous labor of revision, weaving together, shaping, and, above all, cutting remained, but I had the book now so that nothing, not even the despair of my own spirit, could take it from me. He told me so, and suddenly I saw that he was right.

I was like a man who is drowning and who suddenly, at the last gasp of his dying effort, feels earth beneath his feet again. My spirit was overwhelmed by the greatest triumph it had ever known, and although my mind was tired, my body exhausted, from that moment on I felt equal to anything on earth.

It was evident that many problems were before us, but now we had the thing, and we welcomed the labor before us with happy confidence. In the first place there

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was the problem of the book's gigantic length. Even in this skeletonized form the manuscript of "The October Fair" was over a million words in length, which is about twelve times the length of the average novel or twice the length of "War and Peace." It was manifest, therefore, that it would not only be utterly impossible to publish such a manuscript in a single volume, but that even if it were published in several volumes, the tremendous length of such a manuscript would practically annihilate its chances of ever finding a public which would read it.

This problem now faced us, and the editor grappled with it immediately. As his examination of the manuscript of "The October Fair" proceeded, he found that the book did describe two complete and separate cycles. The first of these was a movement which described the period of wandering and hunger in a man's youth. The second cycle described the period of greater certitude, and was dominated by the unity of a single passion. It was obvious, therefore, that what we had in the two cyclic movements of this book was really the material of two completely different chronicles, and although the second of the two was by far the more finished, the first cycle, of course, was the one which logically we ought to complete and publish first, and we decided on this course.

We took the first part. I immediately prepared a minutely thorough synopsis which described not only the course of the book from the first to last, but which also included an analysis of those chapters which had been completed in their entirety, of those which were completed only in part, and of those which had not been written at all, and with this synopsis before us, we set to work immediately to prepare the book for press. This work occupied me throughout the whole of the year 1934. The book was completed at the beginning of 1935, and was published in March of that year under the title of "Of Time and the River."

In the first place, the manuscript, even in its unfinished form, called for the most radical cutting, and because of the way in which the book had been written, as well as the fatigue which I now felt, I was not well prepared to do by myself the task that lay ahead of us.

Cutting had always been the most difficult and distasteful part of writing to me; my tendency had always been to write rather than to cut. Moreover, whatever critical faculty I may have had concerning my own work had been seriously impaired, for the time being at least, by the frenzied labor of the past four years. When a man's work has poured from him for almost five years like burning lava from a volcano; when all of it, however superfluous, has been given fire and passion by the white heat of his own creative energy, it is very difficult suddenly to become coldly surgical, ruthlessly detached.

To give a few concrete illustrations of the difficulties that now confronted us: The opening section of the book describes the journey of a train across the State of Virginia at night. Its function in the book is simply to introduce some of the chief characters, to indicate a central situation, to give something of the background from which the book proceeds, and perhaps through the movement of the train across the stillness of the earth to establish a certain beat, evoke a certain emotion which is inherent to the nature of the book. Such a section, therefore, undoubtedly serves an important function, but in proportion to the whole purport of the book, its function is a secondary one and must be related to the whole book in a proportionate way.

Now in the original version, the manuscript which described the journey of the train across Virginia at night was considerably longer than the average novel. What was needed was just an introductory chapter or two, and what I had written was over 100,000 words in length, and this same difficulty, this lack of proportion, was also evident in other parts of the manuscript.

What I had written about the great train was really good. But what I had to face, the very bitter lesson that every one who wants to write has got to learn, was that a thing may in itself be the finest piece of writing one has ever done, and yet have absolutely no place in the manuscript one hopes to publish. This is a hard thing, but it must be faced, and so we faced it.

My spirit quivered at the bloody execution. My soul recoiled before the carnage of so many lovely things cut out upon which my heart was set. But it had to be done, and we did it. And so it went all up and down the line. Chapters 50,000 words long were reduced to ten or fifteen thousand words, and having faced this inevitable necessity, I finally acquired a kind of ruthlessness of my own, and once or twice, myself, did more cutting than my editor was willing to allow.

Such, then, were some of our major difficulties with the manuscript we had in hand, and although since its publication there have been many declarations to the effect that the book would have benefitted by a much more radical cutting, the cutting we did do was much more drastic than I had dreamed was possible.

Meanwhile I was proceeding at full speed with the work of completing my design, finishing the unfinished parts and filling in the transition links which were essential.

This in itself was an enormous job and kept me writing all day long as hard as I could go for a full year. Here again the nature of my chief fault was manifest. I wrote too much again. I not only wrote what was essential, but time and time again my enthusiasm for a good scene, one of those enchanting vistas which can open up so magically to a man in the full flow of his creation would overpower me, and I would write thousands of words upon a scene which contributed nothing of vital importance to a book whose greatest need already was ruthless condensation.

During the course of this year, I must have written well over a half million words of additional manuscript, of which, of course, only a small part was finally used.

The nature of my method, the desire fully to explore my material, had led me into another error. The whole effect of those five years of incessant writing had been to make me feel not only that everything had to be used, but that everything had to be told, that nothing could be implied. Therefore, at the end, there were at least a dozen additional chapters which I felt had to be completed to give the book its final value. A thousand times I debated this question desperately with my editor. I told him that these chapters had to go in simply because I felt the book would not be complete without them, and with every argument he had, he tried to show me that I was wrong. I see now that on the whole he was right about it, but at the time I was so inextricably involved in my work, that I did not have the detachment necessary for a true appraisal.

The end came suddenly—the end of those five years of torment and incessant productivity. In October I took a trip to Chicago, a two weeks' vacation, my first in over a year. When I returned I found that my editor had quietly and decisively sent the manuscript to the press, the printers were already at work on it, the proof was beginning to come in. I had not foreseen it; I was desperate, bewildered. "You can't do it," I told him, "the book is not yet finished. I must have six months more on it."

To this he answered that the book was not only finished, but that if I took six months more on it, I would then demand

## Editor's Note

It may be of value to the readers of Mr. Wolfe's article if we reprint the publisher's note which appears in "Of Time and the River":

> This novel is the second in a series of six of which the first four have now been written and the first two published. The title of the whole work, when complete, will be the same as that of the present book, "Of Time and the River." The titles of the six books, in the order of their appearance, together with the time-plan which each follows, are:
>
> "Look Homeward, Angel" (1884-1920)
> "Of Time and the River" (1920-1925)
> "The October Fair" (1925-1928)
> "The Hills Beyond Pentland" (1838-1926)
> "The Death of the Enemy" (1928-1933)
> "Pacific End" (1791-1884)

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another six months and six months more beyond that, and that I might very well become so obsessed with this one work that I would never get it published. He went on to say, and I think with complete justice, that such a course was wrong for me. I was not, he said, a Flaubert kind of writer. I was not a perfectionist. I had twenty, thirty, almost any number of books in me, and the important thing was to get them produced and not to spend the rest of my life in perfecting one book. He agreed that with six months' additional work upon the book, I might achieve a certain finish and completeness, but he did not think that the benefit would be nearly as great as I thought it would be, and his own deep conviction was that the book should be published at once without further delay, that I should get it out of me, forget about it, turn my life to the final completion of the work which was already prepared and ready, waiting for me. He told me, furthermore, exactly what the nature of the criticism would be, the criticism of its length, its adjectives, its overabundance, but he told me not to despair.

He told me finally that I would go on and do better work, that I would learn to work without so much confusion, waste, and useless torment, that my future books would more and more achieve the unity, sureness, and finality that every artist wants his work to have, but that I had to learn in the way I had learned, groping, struggling, finding my own way for myself, that this was the only way to learn.

In January, 1935, I finished the last of my revisions on the proof; the first printed copies came from the press in February. The book was released for final publication early in March. I was not here when it came out. I had taken a ship for Europe the week before, and as the ship got farther and farther from the American shores, my spirits sank lower and lower, reaching, I think, the lowest state of hopeless depression they had ever known. This, I believe, was largely a physical reaction, the inevitable effect of relaxation upon a human organism which had for five years been strained to its utmost limit. My life seemed to me to be like a great spring which had been taut for years and which was now slowly uncoiling from its tension. I had the most extraordinary sense of desolation I had ever known when I thought about my book. I had never realized until now how close I had been to it, how much a part of me it had become, and now that it had been taken away from me, my life felt utterly futile, hollow as a shell. And now that the book was gone, now that there was nothing more that I could do about it, I felt the most abysmal sensation of failure. I have always been somewhat afraid of print, although print is a thing I have tried so hard to achieve. Yet it is literally true that with everything I have ever written, I have felt when the hour of naked print drew nigh a kind of desperation and have even entreated my publisher not only to defer the publication of my book until another season, but have asked the editors of magazines to put off the publication of a story for another month or two until I had a chance to work on it some more, do something to it, I was not always sure what.

Now I had an overwhelming sense of shame greater than any I have felt before. I felt as if I had ruinously exposed myself as a pitiable fool who had no talent and who once and for all had completely vindicated the prophecies of the critics who had felt the first book was just a flash in the pan. It was in this frame of mind that I arrived in Paris on March 8, the day the book was to be published in America. I had come away to forget about it, and yet I thought about it all the time. I prowled the streets from night to morning, at least a dozen times in two short weeks I heard the celebration of mass at Sacré Cœur, and then would walk the streets again and come back to my hotel at ten o'clock and lie upon the bed, and still I could not sleep.

After several days of this, I steeled myself to go to the office of the travel agency where a message might be waiting for me. I found a cablegram there. It was from my publisher, and it said simply: "Magnificent reviews somewhat critical in ways expected, full of greatest praise." I read it the first time with a feeling of almost intolerable joy but as I continued to read and reread it, the old dark doubt began to creep across my mind and by the time night had come I was convinced that this wonderful cable was just a sentence of doom, and that my editor, out of the infinite compassion of his spirit, had taken this means of breaking the news to me that my book was a colossal failure.

Three days passed in which I prowled the streets of Paris like a maddened animal, and of those three days I could later remember almost nothing. At the end of that time I sent a frenzied cablegram to that editor in which I told him I could stand anything better than this state of damnable uncertainty and pleaded with him to give me the blunt truth no matter how bitter it might be. His answer to this cable was such that I could no longer doubt him or the reception which the book had had at home.

This completes, as far as I can remember it, the story of the making of a book and what happened to its maker. I know it is too long a story; I know, also, that it must seem to be a story filled with the record of a man's blunders and ludicrous mistakes, but simply because it is that kind of story, I hope that it may have some value. It is a story of the artist as a man and as a worker. It is a story of the artist as a man who is derived out of the common family of earth and who knows all the anguish, error, and frustration that any man alive can know.

The life of the artist at any epoch of man's history has not been an easy one. And here in America, it has often seemed to me, it may well be the hardest life that man has ever known. I am not speaking of some frustration in our native life, some barrenness of spirit, some arid Philistinism which contends against the artist's life and which prevents his growth. I do not speak of these things because I do not put the same belief in them that I once did. I am speaking as I have tried to speak from first to last in the concrete terms of the artist's actual experience, the nature of the physical task before him. It seems to me that that task is one whose physical proportions are vaster and more difficult here than in any other nation on the earth. It is not merely that in the cultures of Europe and of the Orient the American artist can find no antecedent scheme, no structural plan, no body of tradition that can give his own work the validity and truth that it must have. It is not merely that he must make somehow a new tradition for himself, derived from his own life and from the enormous space and energy of American life, the structure of his own design; it is not merely that he is confronted by these problems; it is even more than this, that the labor of a complete and whole articulation, the discovery of an entire universe and of a complete language, is the task that lies before him.

Such is the nature of the struggle to which henceforth our lives must be devoted. Out of the billion forms of America, out of the savage violence and the dense complexity of all its swarming, million-footed life; from the unique and single substance of this land and life of ours, must we draw the power and energy of our own life, the articulation of our speech, the substance of our art.

For here it seems to me in hard and honest ways like these we may find the tongue, the language, and the conscience that as men and artists we have got to have. Here, too, perhaps, must we who have no more than what we have, who know no more than what we know, who are no more than what we are, find our America. Here, at this present hour and moment of my life, I seek for mine.

*This is the final article in a series of three by Thomas Wolfe.*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 91)
THACKERAY—
"THE MAHOGANY TREE."

Christmas is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we . . .
Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals;
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

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# The Medieval World

*MEDIÆVAL LATIN LYRICS. Translated by Helen Waddell. New York: Henry Holt & Co.* $2.50.

*BEASTS AND SAINTS. Translations by Helen Waddell. New York: Henry Holt & Co.* $2.50.

*MEDIÆVAL RELIGION AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Christopher Dawson. New York: Sheed & Ward.* $1.75.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

OF a certain section of poetry in "Mediæval Latin Lyrics," Miss Waddell says, "It seems not possible that poetry should be as gay as this. These poets are young as Keats and Shelley and Swinburne were never young, with the youth of wavering branches and running water. They do not look before and after, they make light of frozen thawings and ruined springs." Miss Waddell has not the finesse in diction and in rhythm that could bring this freshness and gaiety completely over to us—if she had, she would be as exceptional as a poet as she is as a scholar, and that is something we could hardly hope for. While her English versions of these Latin lyrics are far above the customary translations, we feel again and again how much some more subtle management of word and meter would have helped to have recreated a memorable poem. Her translations give us a new understanding of the background of European literature; they set before us with an immediacy that is not to be found elsewhere, the youth and first maturity of Europe.

Just as the moulds of high literary poetry have been turned into folk song and quasi-literary poetry in many parts of Europe, giving a flavor of quaintness and innocence, so the Latin poetry of the Silver Age was born again in poems made by Saxons, Franks, Italians, Hibernians—poetry dealing with a new sort of material, coming out of a new sort of discipline, poetry more aware of the countryside than of the metropolis, and that has, besides other notes, the strange note of vigilance and withdrawal that is the monk's life. This poetic creation through centuries in a familiar but still bookish language has had more influence than has been generally perceived on all Western European poetry. Behind all the recognized creators stand the wandering clerks —"Like the Latin tongue," says Miss Waddell, "they knew no frontiers." And she quotes a sentence about them—"Swift and unstable as the swallows . . . hither, thither, like a leaf caught up by the wind or a spark in brushwood, we wander, unweariedly weary."

We see the beginnings of Europe as we look in the crystals of these verses. What names are more lifeless in our histories than those of Charlemagne's successors? Yet when we read the poem by Angilbert whose date is 841, we realize how much their victory and defeat meant to the world. The poem is about that battle in which Lothair fought Charles and Louis, the battle at Fontenoy—

> Fontenoy they call it, once a springing well and little farm,
> There where now is blood and slaughter and the ruin of the Franks,
> Shuddering the fields and copses, shuddering the very swamp.
> . . . . . .
> Be no glory of that battle, never let that fight be sung,
> From his rising in the morning to the setting of the sun,
> South and North, bewail them who in that ill chance to death were done.

Curiously, this book entitled "Mediæval Latin Lyrics" begins with poetry that is

HELEN WADDELL
*Drawing by Francisca Bolles.*

as alien as possible to the medieval spirit —with Petronius Arbiter and with some of the lyrics of the Silver Age. "They are here," says Miss Waddell, "because by means of them the line of descent can be more clearly traced." And she uses a memorable image when she says, "They were the wayfaring-tree, the *lenta viburna* that could bear transplanting, where the cypress of the greater Roman verse must stand solitary." The wayfaring-tree has been planted, and here is Alcuin, a Saxon, singing about the cuckoo's absence and return, and Colman writing to a brother Irishman about the terrifying seas he will encounter when returning to his own country. In the first of these poems we are with men whose center is the cloister and the garden beside the cloister and the monastery fields. In their praise of Archangel Michael we glimpse the coming of the knightly order—

> We acknowledge thee to be Prince of the citizens of Heaven,
> And at thy prayer God sends his angels unto men.

So Alcuin sings. But outside the cloister, Venus is being called upon by young lovers, and the medieval Venus appears—"less the royal goddess of the Æneid than the glimmering, gracious figure of the Pervigilium Veneris, the Dione of the April woods." And from then on the medieval mind takes a double direction—towards the Venusburg and towards the Paradiso of Dante. Christianity has to struggle with paganism, and it is in vain that an anonymous poet declares—

> By that unspoken name of dread
> The Tetragrammaton of God,
> Let you tremble, let you groan.
> I exorcise you, Ghosts and Fauns,
> Goblins, Sirens, Nymphs, and Dryads,
> Satyrs, Nightmares, Household Gods.
> Swift to Chaos get you gone,
> And no more trouble Christendom.
>
> And do Thou, O God, vouchsafe to keep us from our foes.

The rediscovery of the Middle Ages, Christopher Dawson declares, is likely to be as important for the modern world as the rediscovery of the Greek world was for the later Middle Ages. It began, of course, with the Romantic Movement; it is progressing, and that the results of it are becoming more and more imposing is proved by such books as "Mediæval Latin Lyrics" and "Mediæval Religion." Christopher Dawson is the most exciting writer of our day, and this not because he is speculative and daring but because he is judicial and informed: His statements arouse in us the expectancy that a great judge's summing up arouses. "Mediæval Religion," which really deals with the whole field of medieval culture, is one of his shorter books—it contains less than two hundred pages but every page has something revealing on it. All of us know a little about the influence of Arabic civilization on medieval culture, but who but Christopher Dawson could convince us that the lady of Dante's "Convivio" is the Averroistic Intelligence that actualizes and illuminates the human mind: she is neither a real woman nor the Catholic ideal of woman but is a figure out of Moslem philosophy; as such she has no real being, and in the "Divine Comedy" is destined to be transcended by a more actual figure. And who but this writer could show us that the brilliant Arabic-engendered, Provençal culture, because of its rootlessness, was to leave inconsistent elements in European court poetry and romance—elements that Cervantes's criticism would destroy. The ability to make such revelations—and he makes them over and over again—leaves Christopher Dawson unequalled as an historian of culture. Again, it has been vaguely recognized that for a brief while in the early Middle Ages Ireland was important to European culture, but why she was important and what form her contribution took has been obscure. It is

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cleared up in a few pages of "Mediæval Religion." "Mediæval Religion" is an indispensable book: unless we read it, we are uninformed. It is a book difficult to review on account of its plenitude and authoritativeness, but it should be said that the writing in it is singularly lucid and persuasive.

As a pendant to "Mediæval Latin Lyrics" and "Mediæval Religion" we have "Beasts and Saints." These are stories that belong to the first centuries of Christianized Europe, folk tales of the mutual charities between saints and their neighbors, the beasts and birds. They are stories of saints who were Franciscan before Saint Francis. The woodcuts by Robert Gibbings are delightfully appropriate.

*Padraic Colum is an Irish poet and essayist whose work has often appeared in these pages.*

# Vacation from Politics

*THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BEETHOVEN. By Edouard Herriot. Translated by Adelheid I. Mitchell and William J. Mitchell. New York: The Macmillan Company.* 1935. $4.

Reviewed by PAUL H. LANG

IT is a time honored tradition with French statesmen and diplomatists that they recruit their members from among the men of letters. Many a celebrated poet, philosopher, playwright, and scientist has occupied an eminent position in the government. It is sufficient to recall Paul Claudel, recently ambassador to the United States, the eminent author of *l'Annonce faite à Marie*, or the stern philospoher and historian Barthou, who perished so tragically in Marseilles. All these distinguished authors published various works during the entr'actes of their tenure of office which, as is well known, alternates rapidly in French political life.

The Mayor of Lyons and holder of various portfolios in the French government, Herriot has a distinguished literary career behind him. After his crushing defeat in 1926 he embarked again on a literary venture. This time, however, he tackled a job which was distinctly outside of his sphere. The erudite and experienced littérateur reveals himself in many a page of his Beethoven biography, but his lack of knowledge in matters musical offsets all his brilliancy. There are admirable pages on the general aspects of Beethoven's times and surroundings, but the book is replete with mistakes and misreading of musical styles, and it shows a typical dilettante approach to the subject. While one can understand that the French public may be interested to know what the leading figure of one of the great political parties has to say about music, it is hard for us to understand why Herriot's Beethoven should be offered to the American public as a representative biography of the composer. The only notable feature of the American edition is the conscientious work performed by the translators who, by making a good translation, were courageous enough to eliminate some of the glaring mistakes of the author.

*Paul H. Lang is a member of the department of music of Columbia University.*

# The PHŒNIX NEST

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS department, on behalf of the whole *Saturday Review of Literature*, expresses deep sorrow at the death of one of our finest American poets, *Lizette Woodworth Reese*, author of the remarkable sonnet, "Tears," and for years one of the leading women poets of America. Miss Reese's life as an educator was also notable. Her name will ever be associated with Baltimore and her poetry with the Maryland countryside the beauty of which she celebrated as did some of the seventeenth century poets rural England.

I wish to acknowledge with great gratitude the kind contributions of the following to the fund for the notable woman poet who is still in hospital recovering from a terrible street accident: *George P. Bissell, Rose Eberhardt, Grace Hazard Conkling, Leonard Ehrlich, Brendan Gill, Arthur W. Bell*, and two *Anonymous* ladies of Brooklyn and Kansas City, respectively. . . . *New Writers*, formerly *Prelude*, Detroit's only "little" magazine, appears now under the sponsorship of the Detroit Writers Guild, larger in size, and substantial in literary material. The address is 8200 Hamilton Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. . . . The last literary task performed by *Don C. Seitz* before his sudden death earlier in the month was to read the proofs of "The Tryal of Capt. William Kidd for Murther & Piracy," which he had edited with an illuminating introduction and which The Pioneer Associates have just published in a limited edition at 11 West 42nd Street, this city. Mr. Seitz was, of course, long regarded as an authority on piracy, and the court records of the trial of Capt. Kidd, with an introduction by him, is a collectors' item. . . . *Paul Horgan* recently lectured at Bennington College, and has now come to New York for the Christmas holidays. His new book, "Main Line West," will be out in March. . . . *Fantasy*, the poetry quarterly edited by *Stanley Dehler Mayer* at 950 Heberton Avenue, Pittsburgh, Penna., is an entirely non-commercial little magazine, and has recently had an interesting Whitman number. . . . A John Day book, "Marching, Marching," by *Clara Weatherwax*, won the New Masses-John Day Company proletarian novel contest last June and it's being published next week. The scene is a lumber town on the north Pacific Coast and the story centres around a strike struggle in the 1930s. Miss Weatherwax, who now lives in Oakland, California, is of pre-Mayflower (1610) New England descent. . . . *Stephen Spender*, the brilliant English lyrical poet, has dedicated his latest book to *Rosamond Lehmann*. It isn't poetry. It is called "The Destructive Element: A Study of Modern Writers and Beliefs." Title and text are taken from *Joseph Conrad*, "In the destructive element immerse. That is the way." From this point of view the poet analyzes the work of *Henry James, T. S. Eliot, W. B. Yeats, D. H. Lawrence*, and touches upon the work of many other contemporary writers. The book will be published in February by Houghton Mifflin. . . . *Jesse Stuart*, our own Southern mountain poet, expects to spend a few days in this city in early January. His new book for the Spring is "Head o' W-Hollow" (Dutton). Mr. Stuart says:

> Also this year I've got several talks to make at about fifteen colleges and universities in three states, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio. The music of the wind in the sprouts and saw-briars is still sweet to me, the old graveyards are just as interesting, life is just as exciting and time goes on as it has always gone on. . .

On the date of the national release of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's picture version of "Romeo and Juliet," Random House will publish a special edition of the text, with an article by *William Strunk*, Professor of English at Cornell, and technicolor adviser to the studio for this picture, outlining the problems that must be met in transforming a Shakespearian play into honest and acceptable talking-picture form, and, finally, the complete text of the actual "shooting script." *Irving Thalberg* will write an introduction for the Random House book, and there will be photographs from the picture. . . . Random House is also publishing some of the best new plays, "Boy Meets Girl," "First Lady," "Paradise Lost," "End of Summer," and expects to have at least one, and possibly two, new *Eugene O'Neill* plays on its list for the coming Fall. In February it will bring out some seventy new short stories by *William Saroyan*, under the title of "Inhale and Exhale."

I seem to be talking a lot of February books. Here's another good one coming —or should be—*Ben Hecht's* "Actor's Blood," a book of eight short stories (Covici-Friede). . . . At a time when booksellers and publishers are celebrating the Four Hundredth Anniversary of the first publication of the Holy Bible in English, it is interesting to have an announcement from the Limited Editions Club (551 Fifth Avenue) that the Directors are issuing to the members the first edition of the King James Version designed solely for pleasurable reading! . . . Out of Santa Fe, New Mexico, comes a new book of songs for children, "A Child's Bouquet," music by *Mary Morley* and verse by *Alice Corbin*, published by Writers' Editions, P. O. Box 750, Santa Fe, New Mexico. . . . It seems that *Mark Twain* left in the guest book of the Volcano House in Hawaii not only the original manuscript of "My Strange Dream," but also a long description, in verse, of a horseback ride to the crater Kilauea. Both manuscripts have disappeared, and at the recent Mark Twain centennial in Hawaii, an appeal was issued for information of the whereabouts of the verse, which has, it is understood, never been published.

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# The New Books

## Biography

*COUNT RUMFORD OF MASSACHUSETTS. By James Alden Thompson. Farrar & Rinehart.* 1935. $3.

In the one hundred and twenty-five years since the death of Count Rumford, his career has been the subject of numerous pamphlets, notices in biographical collections, sketches in more general histories, and one lengthy and unreadable biography, the "Memoir of Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford," by George E. Ellis, published in 1871. Now James Alden Thompson has written the first readable full-length Rumford portrait.

At first sight it would appear that biographers have been missing something for more than a century. Benjamin Thompson, born in Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1753, first ventured as a dry-goods merchant's apprentice, but became, in rapid succession, colonial major, English Under-Secretary of State, colonel of a regiment of dragoons, knight, count of the Holy Roman Empire, and chamberlain to the Elector of Bavaria. Also, he was a leading scientist of his time. But Rumford's character is discouraging to his would-be biographer. As Mr. Thompson observes, "brilliant mathematician, painstaking investigator, pioneer in the field of light and heat, excellent organizer, and a scientist of the first rank, Rumford was utterly devoid of humor and of humanism. Except for a cold statistical record of accomplishment there is nothing about him to remember pleasantly, no incident or anecdote which serves to lighten up his personality. He was hard, brilliant, self-centered from first to last."

If, therefore, this biography seems at times to be too much a mere narrative of events, and too little a character study, the fault lies quite as much with the subject as with the author. And though the work shows no evidence of original research, it presents a readable and interesting account of a strange Yankee genius who got to the top largely by his knack of knowing which side of his bread was buttered.

R. J. B.

## Fiction

*WITHIN THE WALLS. By Agnes Carr Vaughan. Macmillan.* 1935.

An old and favorite tale retold always has a special fascination even if the new interpretation falters a little. So it is with "Within the Walls," an imaginative but rather simple account of the siege and sack of Troy. The new story is woven around the married life of Andromache, the wife of Hector; and the long and futile struggle within the walls and hearts of the Trojans has great pathos when seen through the eyes of this gentle yet courageous alien girl. One follows charming apocryphal episodes in the domestic life of Troy and carefully reconstructed rituals in temple and longhouse. One sees the Trojans at home, without their epic splendor. They seem very primitive in their superstitions and very modern in their loves and jealousies.

As Chaucer, writing of Troy, gave it the manners of a medieval love-court, so the modern author has, perhaps unconsciously, given the relationships of her characters a modern informality. She has dealt warily with the more famous events, so much so that the narrative is sometimes impressionistic to the point of haziness. Trivialities of housekeeping and the gossip of the town are given in detail, while the actual course of events is often only barely suggested. But even when it is difficult to follow, without referring to the old texts, "Within the Walls" gives the reader a deep sense of the reality behind the myth.

D. P.

*KING COFFIN. Conrad Aiken. Scribner.* 1935. $2.50.

One cannot open this novel without being struck by the resemblance of its endless paragraphs, its solid, unindented blocks of print, to those that fill the pages of Henry James. The resemblance is not accidental; the novel is, one feels, deliberately conceived in the Jamesian tradition of horror. The horror is psychological, purely subjective, a web spun out interminably in the attics of the mind. It is the story of a consciousness locked within itself, continually revolving in the tireless and trivial logic of insanity. Certainly, Jasper Ammen is mad; of that much one can be sure; it is in the insidious approach of madness that the horror of the story lies.

The flow of Jasper Ammen's consciousness is filled with the details of an external world but they no longer seem to have an existence in themselves. The factual descriptions of Boston streets produce a dream-like impression upon the reader, or perhaps, rather, that sense of a dislocation in reality that comes occasionally as the result of exhaustion or prolonged insomnia. It is no doubt precisely such an effect that Mr. Aiken has striven to produce; he has been immensely successful in creating the atmosphere of an abnormal state of mind. One admires the cleverness with which he handles his theme and turns it this way and that and explores its every possible winding, but one is never entirely absorbed. A certain effort of attention is necessary in following the tenuous thread of the story through all the obscure subtleties woven about it; the rather curious and fascinating quality of the beginning does not sustain itself far along; and one is left at the end with a feeling that the book is one of those tours-de-force essentially more interesting to the author in its writing than it is ever likely to be to the reader.

C. C.

*ALCUIN: A DIALOGUE BY CHARLES BROCKTON BROWN. A Type-facsimile Reprint of the First Edition with an Introduction by L. E. Kimball. New Haven: Carl & Margaret Rollins.* 1935.

"Alcuin" is interesting as the first work of the writer often spoken of as the first American man of letters. It is a very rare book, and this excellent facsimile will be welcomed by collectors of Americana. Unlike many rarities it is a good book in itself. As a dialogue on the part which women should be allowed to play in government it is a pioneer, and furthermore, unlike the florid Gothic tales which gave Brown his reputation, it is written in a simple and effective English.

H. S. C.

## Miscellaneous

*I BREAK STRIKES. The Technique of Pearl L. Bergoff. By Edward Levinson. Illustrated. McBride.* $2.50.

The word sincerity is ambiguous. Frequently we credit with sincerity those who believe their own rationalizations. From this point of view, capitalists who are incensed by talk of a class war, but who pin sheriff's badges on thugs to "preserve law and order," are "sincere," as are the Japanese who annex Chinese territory for the purpose of "improving relations with the Chinese people," and are not in "a state of war" when they bomb Chinese cities.

No one reading this cool, precise, and completely documented record of strike-breaking in the United States can doubt,

(*Continued on next page*)

# The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| THE CAT AND THE CLOCK<br>*Charles G. Booth*<br>(Crime Club: $2.) | Dancer with evil rep. slain in Hollywood. Anatole Flique, *Sureté* man on vacation, solves it 'mid rattling of old skeletons. | Full-bodied affair with flamboyant movie *décor* staccato action and dialog, suave sleuthing, and blobs of pupple pession. | Worth reading |
| THE SHADOW ON THE DOWNS<br>*R. C. Woodthorpe*<br>(Crime Club: $2.) | Councilman-contractor, bent on desecrating English downs, is envenomed. Vinegary Miss Perks sifts suspects with odd results. | Machinations of devil in small town portrayed with insight and humor —though sundry horrors seem lugged in for effect. | Amiable |

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# The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

*Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.*

**A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING**

THE THEORY OF THE LEISURE CLASS. By Thorstein Veblen. *Viking.*

ENGLISH JOURNEY. By J. B. Priestley. *Harpers.*

THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW. By Elinor Wylie. *Knopf.*

## Robert Frost

S. S. of Bryn Mawr, Pa., *who is writing a paper on Robert Frost, is having difficulty finding anything on the poet, and wants references to works which contain discussion of him.*

IF S. S. wants a brief biographical sketch of Robert Frost she will find that in LIVING AUTHORS (Wilson) where his career is rapidly outlined and a few lines of characterization presented. For the man in relation to his work, to the trend of contemporary poetry, and for appraisal of his art she can turn to Percy Boynton's SOME CONTEMPORARY AMERICANS (University of Chicago Press: pp. 33-49); Rica Brenner's TEN MODERN POETS (Harcourt, Brace) in which pages 1-29 are devoted to Frost, and T. K. Whipple's SPOKESMEN (Appleton-Century: pp. 94-114). Amy Lowell, in TENDENCIES IN AMERICAN POETRY (Houghton Mifflin), has a chapter in the course of her critical interpretation of what was then the new movement in poetry in which she introduces biographical material as well as an analysis of Frost, and Elizabeth S. Sergeant in FIRE UNDER THE ANDES (Knopf) has a sensitive study of the man as a personality.

## Books on Piracy

G. H. H. of Libertyville, Ill., *asks for a list of books—"authentic historical books"—on pirates and of novels in which piracy constitutes the theme.*

One of the most popular works on piracy is Howard Pyle's BOOK OF PIRATES (Harpers) which presents sketches of some of the most famous gentlemen who have plied this hazardous trade and of their dramatic adventures. Another book which has a wide public is BUCCANEERS OF AMERICA (Dutton), by A. O. Equemelin. The most authoritative study of the early pirates is to be found in Captain Charles Johnson's GENERAL HISTORY OF THE PYRATES (Dodd, Mead) which contains records of buccaneering exploits up to 1724. This has served as a source book for later works, its material, once reputed inaccurate, having been later proved reliable.

As to fiction, several classics of piracy spring to mind at once. There is first, of course, Defoe's LIFE, ADVENTURES, AND PIRACIES OF CAPTAIN SINGLETON (Everyman's Library), a striking example of Defoe's method of weaving into a novel fact and fiction in such happy combination as to effect a complete illusion of reality. Part of the book is based on authentic reports of travellers; the portion in which the action plays in Central Africa reproduces from hearsay an unknown scene with such exactitude as to be regarded as being far in advance of the general geographical knowledge of the time. Next one recalls Scott's THE PIRATE into which some of his best description and most sharply individualized characters went, and then that classic of childhood as well as of maturity, Stevenson's TREASURE ISLAND and its only less famous successors, KIDNAPPED and EBB TIDE. Herman Melville wrote a gruesome magazine tale which is included in the volume of short stories entitled PIAZZA TALES (R. R. Smith) and in SHORTER NOVELS (Boni) and which Random House has published by itself in a handsome volume bearing its own title, BENITO CERENO.

Among more recent novels in which piracy has played a prominent role are Richard Hughes's A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA (Harpers) in which a band of children encounter and accept as good companions a group of pirates; Rafael Sabatini's THE SEA HAWK (Houghton Mifflin), a chronicle of the exploits of a Barbary corsair in Elizabethan times; Robert W. Chambers's THE MAN THEY HANGED (Appleton-Century) which takes the dreaded Captain Kidd for hero; Jeffery Farnol's BLACK BARTLEMY'S TREASURE and its sequel, MARTIN CONISBY'S VENGEANCE (Little, Brown), a story of Inquisition years, and F. Tennyson Jesse's MOONRAKER: THE FEMALE PIRATE AND HER FRIENDS (Knopf), which lays part of its scene in Haiti and introduces Toussaint l'Ouverture.

## A Manual for Book Reviewers

J. H. R. of Pittsburgh, Pa., *wants to have recommended a manual for High School or college students which will help them in reviewing a book.*

I have at my elbow the very volume that should be useful, sent to me recently by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company which brought it out a few years ago. This is THE CRAFT OF THE CRITIC, by S. Stephenson Smith, and it is precisely such a volume of practical directions as the college or high school student will find useful. The book falls into two parts, the first of which deals with book reviewing, the second with the reviewing of plays. After general discussion of the objective, process, and manner of reviewing, Mr. Smith proceeds to an analysis of the handling of various categories of literature. Thus, for instance, he takes up successively the picaresque novel, the historical story, the mystery tale, the psychological novel, pointing out in each instance the method of approach which is likely to yield the most illuminating comment. The book is definitely intended for the book reviewer as differentiated from the critic, and is both simple and sensible enough to be of use in the classroom.

## The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

after it, that there is a class war, whatever capitalists and their apologists may call it, and that, in this war, the government does take sides, and the side it stands on is that of the property holders. The large armies of strike-breakers supplied by numerous agencies, who also sell the services of provocateurs and spies, and scientific developments of the blacklist, are evidence of the class war. And the ease with which criminals can be deputized as sheriffs, squeamish mayors and governors can be overruled in the courts, and the militia can be called in, the course of trials for violence during strikes where almost invariably strikers, men never in court before, are accused of murder and convicted, while strike-breakers, men usually with police records, and held on similar charges, are acquitted, are evidence of the other.

The data here collected for the first time make the book invaluable. But it is to be regretted that the author was satisfied with the presentation of data alone, engrossing as these data are. No doubt he believed that the data would tell their own story, and the author need not intrude to drive home an argument, or pull it together to some arranged conclusions. This self-denial has resulted in an insufficiently organized book. It is not the biography of Pearl L. Bergoff, the strike-breaker king; it is not a history of strike-breaking; it is not an orderly exposition of this front of the class war; nor is it set well enough in the general economic background in relation to which it is like a photograph too closely cropped. From it, however, all readers have something to learn, and to historians, sociologists, and economists, the book will be indispensable.

I. S.

*THE SAGA OF THE* BOUNTY. *Edited by Irvin Anthony. Putnam.* 1935. $2.75.

When on April 28, 1789, the mutineers of His Majesty's Armed Transport *Bounty* cast Captain William Bligh and eighteen men adrift in mid-Pacific, they overlooked the first grim maxim of the pirate. Could they have foreseen the deadly tale that would be told of them in England, a whiff of grape into the overladen launch would have swept away the saga of the *Bounty* forever.

Mr. Anthony's book makes that saga readily accessible, for the first time, in the exciting words of the men who lived it. An ably selected, swiftly moving compilation of their own first-hand narratives, it arranges the original journals, diaries, letters, and trial testimony in chronological sequence. We have here the true story of the *Bounty* from opening gun to final sullen salvo.

Captain Bligh's personal journal, noted for its account of the voyage in the launch to Timor, that little run of 1,800 leagues, is perhaps the best known of all this material. Here it is, practically complete, covering the *Bounty's* entire cruise, from Spithead to Tahiti and Tofoa, and carrying the master back to England. Equally absorbing are the diaries of Sailing-Master John Fryer and Boatswain's Mate James Morrison. Fryer, a rugged old bar-

(*Continued on page* 22)

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# The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING: CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

*In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich*

## Oxford Books for Bibliography

THE Oxford University Press, with its usual felicity in the selection of books worth publishing, and with its frequent skill in able typographic presentation, has launched a new series which will be known under the above title. Two volumes have so far appeared, and if they are an earnest of what is to follow, the way of the bibliographer and book collector will be made more pleasurable if no easier.

"Proof-reading in the Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," by Percy Simpson, Fellow of Oriel (author in especial of "Shakespearian Punctuation," Oxford, 1911), is the first of the series to be issued. It is a remarkably varied and ample collection of notes on proof-reading (the first to be printed), with especial reference to the author's part in the final presentation of his text. One of the facts brought out is the part played by the printer in the *form* of the work printed. It has been apparent to printers, though not always to students of printed literature, that such details as punctuation, capitalization, italicizing, and spelling are quite as apt to be the printer's "office style" as the author's literary one. The printer of the past, no less than he of the present, would make a sorry mess of his product if he did not constantly correct and standardize the slovenly work of the writer. The author's participation in his book included, as Mr. Simpson shows, a varying degree of care in the proof-reading, but usually he was indebted to the printer for orderly presentation, according to the current typographic *mores*, of what he has written. Ben Jonson's "lewd printer" gets less than his due when one considers the slovenly and exacting authors to whose words he gives the immortality of the printed page!

The dealings of authors, printers, and proof-readers make for entertainment in the multitude of examples which Mr. Simpson cites. In chapters on Authors' Proof Reading, Early Proofs and Copy, Correctors of the Press, The Oxford Press and Its Correctors, there is information about past practice, some pleasant and humorous, some justifying the metonymy "authors' altercations." There are important items dealing with correctors' wages and many small details about the production of well known volumes. The 21 illustrations are unusually apposite.

"Catalogue of Printing Types of Specimens by English and Scottish Printers and Founders, 1665-1830" ($14), has been compiled by W. Turner Berry and A. F. Johnson, with an introduction by Stanley Morison. It is the first full description of such British books, and will be joyfully welcomed by the increasing number of collectors. Heretofore only fragmentary lists have been available—entries in Bigmore and Wyman (issued in 1880), Birrell & Garnett's admirable but fragmentary "Catalogue" of 1928, references in Updike's "Printing Types" of 1922, or Mr. Bullen's "Duplicates of Type Specimen Books" of 1934. This book will be constantly and increasingly useful to libraries and collectors and dealers, even though it deals with only a restricted field. We would suggest that the paragraph under Fry & Steele might easily have been amplified; the specimens of 1804-1810 of modern romans which the compilers have not seen is dismissed a bit too curtly. Again, the distinction between "placard" types and book faces is no easier than that between "job" (or "jobbing") and book, and the word "placard" is no better than "job." However, these are small matters. And the location of copies of the rarer books is useful information. There are 24 plates of pages from specimen books.

In format the books in this series are small folios, admirably printed in Bembo type on good paper, and bound in paper boards with cloth backs. One detail of the composition bothers: the increasing habit of putting the quotation marks *inside* of periods and commas (a habit engendered by slovenly typists and over-meticulous bibliographers). This is an indecorous custom, and should not be followed save in those extremely rare cases (the only one which comes to mind is when a certain clause of the Constitution of the United States is to be quoted) where the meaning would not otherwise be clear.

Both of these volumes belong in all major libraries, and the second should also have place on the shelves of all collectors of books on printing, for there is no substitute for it.

## The Colophon

Offering its usual diverting assortment of literary hors d'oeuvre, the second issue of the *Colophon* comes to hand with a new feature which will add to its attractions—a column of Notes and Queries to be conducted by Randolph G. Adams of the William L. Clements Library at Ann Arbor. It starts off well with a sentence from Mr. A. Edward Newton to the effect that there are more queries than answers in this world—and proves it by listing eighteen questions and one answer!

Poe, Frank Holme, the Old Lady Who Lives in a Book (Mother Goose), Fanny Hill the Shady Lady, William Davy, Whitman, Van der Kemp "the frontier bibliophile" of New York, Stockton, Samuel Butler, are components of this feast; while the Literature of Alchemy and Simpson's "Proof Reading in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries" receive adequate attention.

The *Colophon* in its new form is an improvement over the old: the uniform typography, the convenient size and shape, and the new features, as well as a permanent and recognizable cover give an air of stability to the quarterly.

*Until Twelfth Night*

JANUARY SIXTH, 1936

You may happily repair any accidental slips of memory in your recent shopping list. . . . Any friend would be happy to receive a Christmas Gift Subscription to *The Saturday Review,* and all such subscriptions mailed not later than midnight, January 6th, will be entered at the special rates quoted in our Christmas letter to subscribers. The recipient of every *Saturday Review* Christmas Gift Subscription will receive a specially designed card bearing an appropriate Christmas Greeting and the name of the donor.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

*The Saturday Review of Literature*

*25 West 45th Street, New York City*

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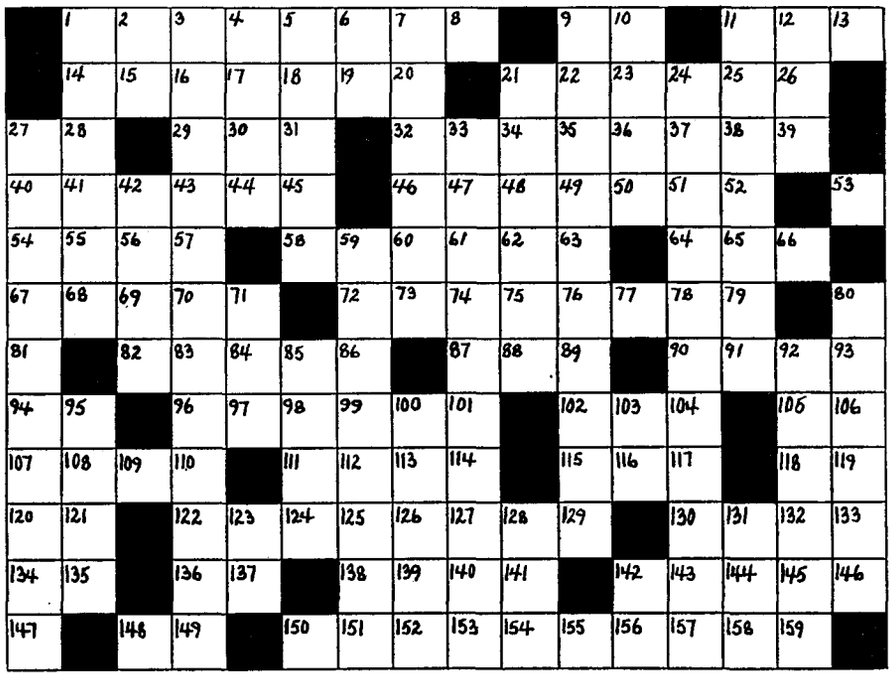
# Double-Crostics: No. 92

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



**DIRECTIONS**

*To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.*

**The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.**

**DEFINITIONS**

I. Town in Abyssinia.

II. French Gothic cathedral city.

III. Number of Muses.

IV. Source of gold of Solomon's Temple.

V. One of the Fates.

VI. Descending.

VII. Big animal described in Job.

VIII. Tedium.

IX. Members of a Catholic order.

X. Seat of Washington's headquarters on the Hudson.

XI. To disseminate.

XII. Large deep table dish.

XIII. Accessories.

XIV. Jacob's pottage.

XV. An insertion.

XVI. Swiss hero.

XVII. Greek city devoted to Diana's worship.

XVIII. A mob.

XIX. Assigning in shares.

XX. Pitiless.

XXI. Juvenility.

XXII. Taunting.

XXIII. The stern of a vessel.

XXIV. British biographer (1880-1932).

XXV. A vaudeville act.

XXVI. Muse of lyric poetry.

**WORDS**

41 66 119 49 155

107 130 9 93 61

65 80 137 51

123 1 67 140 58

109 64 78 12 117 141 148 114

17 91 111 131 124 56 158 36

46 94 83 22 118 98 29 86

147 35 63 24 76

38 106 113 74

71 89 82 142 103 126 39 139

45 28 127 54 7 108

104 68 95 31 135 57

43 154 136 55 69 37 134 4 105

146 125 81 145 84 20

151 73 8 34 42

115 13 129 100

153 122 53 59 10 128 120

15 70 102 40 97 50

60 25 44 3 138 121 112 77 132

5 32 152 116 150 6 96 23

101 27 157 48 88

156 99 72 144 75 133 52 14

16 90 26

149 11 2 143 85 30 159 110

79 18 92 33

47 21 19 87 62

## The New Books

(*Continued from page 20*)

nacle-eater, was unswerving in his duty, but he limns Captain Bligh in acid language. Morrison, one of the unfortunates who stayed with the ship, although probably innocent, gives us the life of the mutineers aboard the *Bounty* and ashore amid the fruits of Tahiti after the ship, under Fletcher Christian, had set sail for Pitcairn's Island.

Even rarer accounts however, are the racy narrative, *A Voyage Round the World*, by Surgeon George Hamilton of the *Pandora* frigate, sent to avenge the *Bounty;* and the purported letters of Fletcher Christian, as mysteriously issued by a London publisher in 1796. Only these last, droning along in their monotonous account of escape and travel in Chile and Peru, fail to ring true. It may be that Christian reached Cadiz and even England, where years later a surviving shipmate thought he saw him near Plymouth Hoe; more probable it is that his last resting place, like that of the *Bounty*, was far from home among the desolate crags of Pitcairn's Island.

W. D.

## Brief Mention

The *William Lyon Phelps Yearbook* (Macmillan, $2.50) contains informal remarks by way of a conversation for each day in the year. In a book like this, one finds Professor Phelps most nearly himself, a familiar friend and a man of the widest intellectual curiosity. * * * Folklorists and those interested in the Southwest should know *Puro Mexicano*, edited by J. Frank Dobie (Austin, Texas, Texas Folk-Lore Society, $2.50). These are Mexican folk tales, collected and translated. * * * A valuable assistant to the writer and editor is *Get It Right! A Cyclopedia of Correct English Usage*, by John B. Opdycke, a writer of long experience (Funk & Wagnalls, $3.50). This book is a first-aid kit and covers everything from abbreviations and capitalization through grammar and letter-writing to proof-reading, punctuation, spelling, and word study. * * * J. F. Horrabin, author of the excellent *Atlas of Current Affairs*, published last year, brings out *An Atlas of European History*, from the second to the twentieth Century which, like the other, consists of a series of maps each with brief, explanatory text. * * * Dr. Austen Fox Riggs, who has done so much for the nervously ill, brings together some of his suggestions in a book called *Play*, how to keep young, vigorous and sane by play. An interesting feature of the book is its bibliography of works upon such forms of intellectual play as painting, literature, photography, the theatre, ornithology, etc. * * * Old Europe gets interesting commentary in the *Memoirs of Count Apponyi* (Macmillan, $2.50) which extends to the making of peace after the war. * * * Scribner's publish two interesting books on England, *Heart of England*, by Ivor Brown ($2.75), a bold attempt to focus the trend of English life and work today, and *The Countryman's England*, by Dorothy Hartley ($2.75), in which "the land is divided according to its physical ingredients" and so described with extensive and very interesting illustrations.

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## PERSONALS

*ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.*

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**JADED? LIKE INFORMAL LITERARY COMMENT?** Gentle irony? Amusing art? Letters contests? Read "AMERICAN COLUMNISTS" (monthly, 10c), three issues 25c. 706 Spruce, Philadelphia, Pa.

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**IS THERE** a young business woman living in suburbs who would like to share for winter months small New York apartment East Sixties. Five nights a week basis preferred. References exchanged. Box 954-A.

**MAN, NEARING FORTY,** after twenty years' intensive study, observation and analysis of human behavior, has developed plans and material for newspaper feature, radio feature, book and play. Needs modest financial aid until one of these is sold. **Best** business, character references. Also **interested** moderately priced room, private family, Manhattan. Box 955-A.

**EX-HUSBAND,** allegedly improvident, irresponsible, conceited—withal, interesting, amiable, and reasonably intelligent. Former itinerant newspaperman. Age 32. Now Manhattan hack-writer with literary ambitions. Holiday season finds me lonesome—who'll provide a cure? Box 956-A.

**GENTLEMAN** seeks correspondence with young lady who is not merely an individualist. Box 957-A.

**HAPPY NEW YEAR** to these artists from a Buffalo couple. Rose O'Neill, Thomas Fogarty, Robert Lawson, Norman Lindsay, Robert Eskridge, and Art Young.

**PROFESSIONAL WOMAN,** middle aged, desires letters from educated people interested in literature, arts, outdoor life, current events. Correspondents especially in Canada, California, and New York City. Box 958-A.

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**PIERRE I.** You spoke of adoption of "M. of M. C." Mistaken. Donald could never understand that, but you're entitled to. NOT from SOME ONE ELSE.

**BOSTON GIRL**—Misery loves company. Bostonian.

**HELP!** 22, stenograhper, artist, writer, theater technician, asks interesting position. Box 965-A.

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*The Saturday Review* has the honor to announce again a prize of $1,000 established by Mrs. Edith Anisfield Wolf of Cleveland, Ohio, in memory of her father, to be called the John Anisfield Award. The prize will be awarded annually after August first of each year, to a sound and significant book published in the previous twelve months on the subject of racial relations in the contemporary world. The prize will be administered by a committee of judges consisting of Henry Seidel Canby, Editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, Henry Pratt Fairchild, Professor of Sociology in New York University, and Donald Young of the Social Science Research Council. Books submitted for the award may be sent to the Anisfield Award Committee, care of *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. The second award will be made to a book published between August 1, 1935, and August 1, 1936.

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# Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

DRIVING out to Wormwood Scrubs, his country *cabaña,* to spend an apodictic Yule, old Desdichado Quercus made up a carol about the Xmas traffic lights:—

> The light that's red as a holly berry
> I find irritating, very;
> But the light that's green and bids me go
> Pleases me like mistletoe.

☞Now, all chilblained in his hovel ☞Quercus by the hearth doth grovel ☞As a matter of fact, like someone in a Wagner opera he is surrounded by a ring of fire ☞Two oil stoves at his back, a burning chimney on one side, an electric heater on the table to defrost his fingers ☞Even a small slug of Old Parr slowly broadening down (Tennyson) inside him ☞He has now got the thermometer up to 50; as Emily Dickinson wrote:—

> *A temperature just adequate*
> *So anthracite to live.*

That's in the *Unpublished Poems,* 525 copies of which were lately printed by Little, Brown.

☞The Caliph A. Edward Newton included with his Xmas cards his annual message about the admirable Trollope Society, which he founded. Those interested in supporting the renown of this great & by-publishers-neglected writer are recommended to send 50 cents in stamps to A. Edward Newton, 501 N. 19 Street, Phila., for a 30-page pamphlet which tells all about the Society. ☞The only way Old Q. can get his overstuffed armchair warm enough to sit in is to invite his Scottish terrier Opodildoc to lie there until the cushions absorb those rich Caledonian calories. ☞Then he shoves out Scottie and sits down himself, quickly. ☞Pleased to see, quotha, the patient campaign for Alexander Smith is gradually coming to fruit: Mr. A. W. Rushmore (The Golden Hind Press, Madison, New Jersey) reprinted one of the Dreamthorp essays as a Xmas booklet. ☞The next campaign will very likely be for W. Compton Leith, who wrote, if you care for titles with timbre, *Sirenica* and *Domus Doloris* and *Apologia Diffidentis.* ☞We'd get them off the shelves right now, but all the books are so cold in this cottage they numb our fingers.

☞Q. has the old Sherlock Holmes books spread out by the hearth, warming them up (like crumpets) for the annual rereading. ☞It may be news to Sherlockians that the present address 221 Baker Street is the headquarters of a very important Building and Loan Bank in London, the Abbey Road Building Society (of which Sir Josiah Stamp is president and the Lord High Chancellor, Viscount Hailsham, is a trustee). And to their office the occasional letters still addressed to Mr. Sherlock Holmes are faithfully delivered by the postoffice. ☞This Q. learns from an amusing article ("Sherlock Doesn't Live Here Any More") by the editor of the company's magazine, *The Abbey Road Journal.* ☞We happened to mention, in a recent Trade Winds, that we had admired some deeply melodious camel-bells in Korner & Wood's book and art store in Cleveland. Harry Korner writes to say they were all sold as a result. ☞This pleases old Quotient Q. and should please esurient advertisers. ☞Himself would have tried to sell also a copy of the *Kasidah* which has such pretty lines about camel bells. ☞Charley McLean of Dayton sells insurance along with books; we are working on a scheme with him whereby an author can insure his book against selling less than 10,000 copies. ☞Tell us, John Hancock or Lloyd's or somebody, would the premium be very high? ☞One of our favorite volumes here, if we can get the chill out of it, is *Books Fatal to Their Authors* by P. H. Ditchfield (Elliot Stock, 1895). ☞A romantic gentleman in Michigan writes "Where can an otherwise well-read maiden find for sale a copy of the S. R. L. in that beautiful city of Los Angeles that once jailed me for sleeping on the back steps of its Public Library? We are sentimental. We want to read it at the same time—she in California and I in Michigan." ☞Just as we were sending him a list of our loyal "outlets" in L. A., our friend bought the lady a subscription as a Xmas present. ☞It's just as good an idea for the New Year.


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